

The Oxford Democrat.

VOLUME 49.

PARIS, MAINE, TUESDAY, MARCH 28, 1882.

NUMBER 12.

The Oxford Democrat

PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY,

BY GEO. H. WATKINS,

Editor and Proprietor.

TERMS:—\$2.00 per Year.

Advertisements, a charge of 10 cents per line for the first week, and 5 cents for each succeeding week.

Special Notices, 25 cents per line for the first week, and 10 cents for each succeeding week.

Notices of Births, Deaths, and Weddings, 10 cents per line for the first week, and 5 cents for each succeeding week.

Notices of Funerals, 10 cents per line for the first week, and 5 cents for each succeeding week.

Notices of Meetings, 10 cents per line for the first week, and 5 cents for each succeeding week.

Notices of Elections, 10 cents per line for the first week, and 5 cents for each succeeding week.

Notices of Court Proceedings, 10 cents per line for the first week, and 5 cents for each succeeding week.

Notices of Public Sales, 10 cents per line for the first week, and 5 cents for each succeeding week.

Notices of Public Meetings, 10 cents per line for the first week, and 5 cents for each succeeding week.

Notices of Public Auctions, 10 cents per line for the first week, and 5 cents for each succeeding week.

Notices of Public Sales of Real Estate, 10 cents per line for the first week, and 5 cents for each succeeding week.

Notices of Public Sales of Personal Property, 10 cents per line for the first week, and 5 cents for each succeeding week.

Notices of Public Sales of Stock, 10 cents per line for the first week, and 5 cents for each succeeding week.

Notices of Public Sales of Land, 10 cents per line for the first week, and 5 cents for each succeeding week.

Notices of Public Sales of Buildings, 10 cents per line for the first week, and 5 cents for each succeeding week.

Notices of Public Sales of Machinery, 10 cents per line for the first week, and 5 cents for each succeeding week.

Notices of Public Sales of Furniture, 10 cents per line for the first week, and 5 cents for each succeeding week.

Notices of Public Sales of Carriages, 10 cents per line for the first week, and 5 cents for each succeeding week.

Notices of Public Sales of Horses, 10 cents per line for the first week, and 5 cents for each succeeding week.

Notices of Public Sales of Cattle, 10 cents per line for the first week, and 5 cents for each succeeding week.

Notices of Public Sales of Sheep, 10 cents per line for the first week, and 5 cents for each succeeding week.

Notices of Public Sales of Pigs, 10 cents per line for the first week, and 5 cents for each succeeding week.

Notices of Public Sales of Chickens, 10 cents per line for the first week, and 5 cents for each succeeding week.

Notices of Public Sales of Ducks, 10 cents per line for the first week, and 5 cents for each succeeding week.

Notices of Public Sales of Geese, 10 cents per line for the first week, and 5 cents for each succeeding week.

Notices of Public Sales of Rabbits, 10 cents per line for the first week, and 5 cents for each succeeding week.

Notices of Public Sales of Squirrels, 10 cents per line for the first week, and 5 cents for each succeeding week.

Notices of Public Sales of Foxes, 10 cents per line for the first week, and 5 cents for each succeeding week.

Notices of Public Sales of Badgers, 10 cents per line for the first week, and 5 cents for each succeeding week.

Notices of Public Sales of Weasels, 10 cents per line for the first week, and 5 cents for each succeeding week.

Notices of Public Sales of Skunks, 10 cents per line for the first week, and 5 cents for each succeeding week.

Notices of Public Sales of Possums, 10 cents per line for the first week, and 5 cents for each succeeding week.

Notices of Public Sales of Coon, 10 cents per line for the first week, and 5 cents for each succeeding week.

Notices of Public Sales of Raccoons, 10 cents per line for the first week, and 5 cents for each succeeding week.

Notices of Public Sales of Otters, 10 cents per line for the first week, and 5 cents for each succeeding week.

Notices of Public Sales of Beavers, 10 cents per line for the first week, and 5 cents for each succeeding week.

SKINNY MEN

WELL'S HEALTH

RENEWER

ROUCH ON RATS

BUCHU PAIBA

Kidney & Urinary Cure

BUCHU PAIBA

Catarrh & Bladder

WHITE'S ELIXIR

DR. M. G. WHITE'S

ELIXIR

IS WARRANTED

FOR THE CURE OF ALL

WORMS IN THE

STOMACH AND

INTESTINES

AND FOR THE

CURE OF ALL

WORMS IN THE

STOMACH AND

INTESTINES

AND FOR THE

CURE OF ALL

WORMS IN THE

STOMACH AND

INTESTINES

AND FOR THE

CURE OF ALL

WORMS IN THE

STOMACH AND

INTESTINES

AND FOR THE

CURE OF ALL

WORMS IN THE

STOMACH AND

INTESTINES

AND FOR THE

CURE OF ALL

WORMS IN THE

STOMACH AND

INTESTINES

A MOCK MARRIAGE.

Sam Price was last night the victim of a most ridiculous practical joke.

It seems that the festive Samuel, who is only about forty-five years old, became enamored of a pretty young girl who occupies the position of chambermaid at the Richmond House, which fact was well known among the boarders of the caravansary.

The girl, on account of the difference in their ages and social position, did not reciprocate his manly affection, but allowed him to continue his devotion.

Last night an effeminate-looking waiter named Jasper, who works in the house, was dressed in a neat-fitting lady's costume, and when Price made his usual evening call presented himself in the place of the chambermaid.

Price did not notice the deception in the partially darkened room and was overjoyed when, on pressing his suit as usual, the supposed chambermaid consented to their marriage.

Price, being a man of business, wanted the nuptials consummated immediately, to which "she" also consented.

James Woods, a driver in the Oregon Transportation Company's employ, who had previously dressed in female attire, acted as bridesmaid; James Hall, an old Californian, was palmed off as Justice of the Peace, while James Johnston, the originator of the sell, was best man and master of the ceremonies.

The rite was performed in Room 21, with due solemnity, every one engaged in it playing his part so well as to completely dupe the overjoyed Samuel.

After the sealing kiss and subsequent congratulations the bride ran into the hall screaming, and as had been planned brought a crowd of probably forty people to the room, who set Samuel completely wild with their jeers and yells.

Price did not say much, but was seen a short time after with four revolvers, two breech-loading rifles and a cannon in his vest-pocket.—Portland Oregonian.

THE ORIGINAL GERRYMANDER.—Now that half a dozen State Legislatures are showing violent partisanship in reorganizing Congressional districts it is interesting to know the history of "gerrymandering."

It began in Massachusetts, and this was the way of it: In 1811, when the party feeling ran high and the voters in the State were very evenly divided, the Republican Democrats for the first time in a number of years elected the Governor and a majority of both branches of the General Court, and, to preserve their power, they re-arranged the Senatorial districts and made them of irregular shape so as to give themselves a majority in as many as possible.

Nothing of the kind had ever been done before. The move excited bitter opposition among the Federalists, and Elbridge Gerry, then Governor, and for years a leading Democrat, came in for a great share of the denunciation.

One district was made of a line of towns on the western and northern sides of Essex county, forming something like an irregular letter E. The Boston Centinel was the leading Federalist paper, and Russell, its editor, to show plainly what was being done, took a map of the county, colored the towns on it in blue, and with a few strokes, indicated upon it head, wings and claws, so that the new district looked like some kind of a strange dragon.

"There," said he, "that will do for a salamander." "Salamander!" exclaimed Russell, "call it a Gerry-mander!" And so the new proceeding found a name.

Solon Chase's new paper, "Them Steers," appeared last week, brimming with pure Greenback doctrine.

He says that each number of "Them Steers" will be a Greenback battering ram—which, though metaphorically mixed, conveys some idea of the union in Uncle Solon's soul.

"Them Steers" declares there is not now in Maine one real Greenback paper but itself. Uncle Solon adds: "The papers in the State that claim to be Greenbackers are ready at all times to support Democrats on the ticket, but would not support Republicans on the ticket. Look through the list of 'Greenback' papers in the State, and can you find one that does not lean toward the Democratic party? The Democratic leaders are in friendly communication with the Greenback newspapers of Maine, the same as with their own organs, and regard them as Democratic papers."

Of course this is all notorious truth, but it is a plainer speech on this subject than Sam Price has uniformly indulged in. Of the Turner election Uncle Solon deplors that "on the third ballot a Fusion Democrat was elected, and such a Democratic yell shook the rafters as has not been heard in that old town house since many a year before the war. It was the first time they had forced the Greenbackers to nominate a man who called himself a Democrat and then get him elected. The Greenbacker was put on the Fusion ticket as molasses to sweeten a bitter pill, and it had that effect."—Journal.

PANIC IN A LAWYER'S OFFICE.—There was a case in Esquire Sprague's office, last Friday, says the Dexter Gazette, involving the dispensation of considerable legal ability, and the office was so much crowded that standing room was above par, when all of a sudden and without warning the floor settled about two inches (some said four inches, but they were so scared that they are not to be believed), and the way the people got out of that surpasses anything on record. We understand one legal gentleman from Newport tried to climb up the bare wall, and several who had no hopes of escaping, were told, began to pray.

The new poke bonnet is called the "London Witch."

New cotton satteens are as lustrous as silk.

MR. FRYE ON THE SHIPPING.

Senator Frye will do good service if he succeeds in doing away with the exactions now unreasonably required from our coasting vessels.

They have borne some of the impositions which he proposes to abolish ever since the war, although they were a part of the extraordinary taxes of that period, and should have been removed long since with the lengthy schedule to which they belonged.

Our foreign commerce and passenger steamers should also be placed under favorable conditions to compete with British and German vessels as far as possible.

We would not, however, accomplish the object aimed at as respects passenger ships by reducing the requirements for safety which are properly imposed upon our own vessels, but by requiring equal provisions from foreign vessels offering passage to citizens of this country in our own ports.

What should be aimed at is to place our shipping upon an equality with that of foreign nations. Mr. Frye's remarks were well received by the Senators from various sections of the country, and although efforts in the same direction have frequently failed to accomplish practical results, we entertain a hope that the former experience may not be repeated in this case.

HISTORICAL OATHS.

(London Globe.)

Interesting historical oaths might be quoted ad infinitum. Their earliest judicial application is mentioned in the twelfth-century chapter of Exodus, where they are ordered to be administered with a just restoration of lost property.

And, in sacred history we hear of swearing by idols, by the heavens and earth, and stars; by the temple and its altars, and other paraphernalia; by the eyes, and by the soul both of the juror and of the one to whom the adjuration was addressed.

In ancient mythology we learn, according to Hesiod, that Jupiter swore by the Stygian lake, and ordained those waters as an oath for all the gods.

If any god foreswore himself, he was debased, not, as degraded from his divinity for a hundred years. Orestes, the patron of oaths, was the son of Zeus of strife; and the same poet declares that deities and oaths originated together, for in the Golden Age no artificial confirmation was required.

Among the Greeks the Athenians invoked the "mighty twelve," the Spartans Castor and Pollux. Their wives swore by Juno Diana, Venus Proserpine and Ceres. Rhodantheus forbade his followers to swear by anything save a dog, a goose, and a plane tree; while Pythagoras made the number 1 the only standard on which his disciples might stake their veracity.

Demosthenes swore by the dead at Marathon; the kings by their scepters; and the Phocians "when they built Massilia in Narbonne" swore by Gaul, bound themselves solemnly never to return to Phocia, that their name became a proverb for a stern vow.

In all times men have sworn by their patron saints or deities, and by those under whose protection their trade, handicraft, accidental occupation, or nationality was supposed to lie. But in olden days curses were very nearly akin to oaths, and, indeed, constitute the major part of those imprecations of the supernatural powers which have been left on historical record.

The attempt of Balak to curse the Israelites by means of Balaam is an instance of this. In the "Electra" of Sophocles, the "Ninth Iliad" of Homer, and the "Orestes" of Euripides we find families, and even hostile cities, cursed in the most elaborate manner; and the Athenians evidently were imbued with an idea of the religious weight which might attach to an imprecation when they ordered Alcibiades to be publicly cursed by all the priests and priestesses.

One of the latter, Theano, it will be remembered, refused to comply with this behest, on the ground that her office fitted her to bless, not to condemn. Finally the Roman Catholic pontiffs cursed freely for some centuries with "bell, book and candle."

MR. EVARTS AS A POET.

At the round table of the celebrated Sam. Ward, Oscar Wilde sat directly opposite the esteemed juriconsult, Mr. William M. Evarts. Mr. Evarts likes nothing in the world better than a slice of Sam. Ward's Westphalia ham boiled in champagne, and incidentally is brought into contact with some curious pieces of human hie-a-brac.

The young aesthete, by the time Sam Ward's lettuce came on, had ceased to disguise his interest in the lean, silent little gentleman opposite him. He took advantage of an opportunity to say a few words in a low tone to William Hubbard, who sat at his right. The editor of the World replied at some length in an undertone, adding: "O, by all means ask him."

"Mr. Evarts," said Wilde, stretching his long legs under and his long chin over the table toward the ex-secretary of state, "pardon the request if presumptuous, but it would afford me an inexpressible pleasure to hear you recite something of your own, even if nothing more than a poemlet."

Mr. Evarts' astonishment had not allowed him to reply when Sam Ward broke in: "Permit me. No poet, you know can do justice to his own things." And in the deep, rich voice for which he is famous he repeated the whole of Theodore Tilton's "Aimer, aimer, c'est a vivre."

"Capital!" said Wilde, "but really you know, I had no idea that that sort of thing was cultivated here by your statesmen."

"O yes," said Sam Ward, with a side glance at Hubbard, "and Evarts recited those verses once to a public audience in Brooklyn, where, I assure you, they were heard with appreciation."

A FRISCO JURY.

There is a wide spread but altogether erroneous impression that San Francisco juries, instead of wasting any valuable time consulting as to their verdict, play one game of Pedro all round, and then send out their foreman to make any return that may come into his head on the way. The following photographic report of a consultation of a jury at the City Hall the other day, taken down on the spot by one of the twelve, will show how utterly unreliable the rumor is. The case in question was that of Hugg vs. Stiggins, in which the latter was sued for \$10,000 for mayhem.

"Well, gentlemen," said the foreman, as they were locked in by the bailiff, "what's your idea about this thing—anybody got any fine-cut?—I suppose you'll all look at it as I do—justifiable homicide?"

No. Two—"Tisn't a murder case—you're thinking about the people against Goobar that we're—ahem—retained in for next week. This is a damages case, you know."

"Foreman says: 'Ah! indeed?'" and shakes his head thoughtfully.

No. Three—"By the way, what had that big woman in a green dress to do with the case? I felt kinder drowsy the first two days and didn't exactly catch on?"

No. Four—"That 'twas the plaintiff's sister—ho! no—she said she had stole something from the plaintiff in 1862, I believe."

No. Five—"Why, no! she was the defendant's landlady; what did she testify, Mr. Feeley?"

No. Six—"How should I know? She wasn't on during my watch. By the way, the court spoke about your snoring again to day, Skidmore."

No. Seven—"I think about \$3,000 would be right. Which was the plaintiff, any way?"

No. Eight—"That little red-headed man—fearful tough character, too, they tell me."

No. Nine—"That wasn't the plaintiff—that was the Prosecuting Attorney."

No. Ten—"Oh! no. He was only the Sheriff's friend. But, I say who was it the saloon keeper stabbed?"

No. Eleven—"I really didn't pay any attention to the details; the fact is—"

No. Twelve—"Come, come, gentlemen, let's ten minutes to six and I live out on Shipley street. We've got Sprig-tail for dinner, and you know how particular you are—"

Foreman (winding up a story of a dog fight over at Jim Deave's).—"But I say, gentlemen—lemme see, about this—this 'er case. They tell me the defendant has not got anything to satisfy a judgment any way. So suppose we make it six months imprisonment and trust to the generosity of the plaintiff."

And to the unspeakable relief of the Judge, who was also ten minutes late for an engagement at Marchand's, it was so ordered.

THE GRAND UNION HOTEL.—Everybody who goes to New York City by rail, and who wants the best and most handy hotel to stop at, should try the Grand Union. It is located on Park Avenue just opposite the Grand Central depot, and all one has to do is to step across the street, leave his baggage checks on the office counter and in ten minutes his trunk and his baggage are in his room, free of expense, and without trouble or annoyance. When he gets there he will find the very best of beds, the cleanest of linen, the most courteous attention, and as good a table as can be found at any hotel in the country—and by this we mean as good as the Windsor in New York, the Continental in Philadelphia, or the Young's in Boston, and prices fully a third lower than either. Baggage is returned to the station free of charge, and special attention is given to ladies who may visit New York without escort. The third Avenue elevated road has a station at one corner of the house and the horse-cars pass the door. The manager is Mr. W. D. Garrison, who spares no pains to make every guest feel satisfied with his accommodations. We give this commendation of the Grand Union on the strength of the personal experience of a Lowell party of seven who recently tested it, and who, having tried some of the best hotels in the country, agreed that in the particulars referred to this hotel was superior to any of them.—Lowell Daily Courier.

The April Atlantic maintains well the high standard of varied excellence and interest which recent numbers have reached. Besides two additional chapters of Mr. Bishop's serial, "The House of a Merchant Prince," and the conclusion of Mr. Lathrop's serial, "An Echo of Passion," Miss Elizabeth Stuart Phelps begins in this number a new serial story entitled "Dr. Zay," which cannot fail to attract very general attention. The author of "The Gates Ajar" and "The Story of Avis" is sure of a host of readers for whatever she writes. John Fiske contributes a popular scientific article of great interest entitled "Europe before the Arrival of Man." Mr. Charles Wood writes an excellent appreciative article, "A Hindu Reformer," giving an account of the life and religious views of Chunder Sen. Readers of short stories will be strongly attracted by Miss Woolson's "In Venice," and Mr. Deming's account of "Jacob's Insurance." "Shakespearean operas" are discussed by A. E. Barr; Eugene W. Hilgard has an interesting paper on "Progress in Agriculture by Education and Government Aid;" Edward Farrar contributes a very engaging article on the "Folk Lore of Lower Canada." There are several poems, reviews of many of the more important recent books, and a diversified Contributors' Club, completing a very interesting number of this sterling magazine.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston, Mass.

MR. FRYE ON THE SHIPPING.

Senator Frye will do good service if he succeeds in doing away with the exactions now unreasonably required from our coasting vessels.

They have borne some of the impositions which he proposes to abolish ever since the war, although they were a part of the extraordinary taxes of that period, and should have been removed long since with the lengthy schedule to which they belonged.

Our foreign commerce and passenger steamers should also be placed under favorable conditions to compete with British and German vessels as far as possible.

We would not, however, accomplish the object aimed at as respects passenger ships by reducing the requirements for safety which are properly imposed upon our own vessels, but by requiring equal provisions from foreign vessels offering passage to citizens of this country in our own ports.

What should be aimed at is to place our shipping upon an equality with that of foreign nations. Mr. Frye's remarks were well received by the Senators from various sections of the country, and although efforts in the same direction have frequently failed to accomplish practical results, we entertain a hope that the former experience may not be repeated in this case.

HISTORICAL OATHS.

(London Globe.)

Interesting historical oaths might be quoted ad infinitum. Their earliest judicial application is mentioned in the twelfth-century chapter of Exodus, where they are ordered to be administered with a just restoration of lost property.

And, in sacred history we hear of swearing by idols, by the heavens and earth, and stars; by the temple and its altars, and other paraphernalia; by the eyes, and by the soul both of the juror and of the one to whom the adjuration was addressed.

In ancient mythology we learn, according to Hesiod, that Jupiter swore by the Stygian lake, and ordained those waters as an oath for all the gods.

If any god foreswore himself, he was debased, not, as degraded from his divinity for a hundred years. Orestes, the patron of oaths, was the son of Zeus of strife; and the same poet declares that deities and oaths originated together, for in the Golden Age no artificial confirmation was required.

Among the Greeks the Athenians invoked the "mighty twelve," the Spartans Castor and Pollux. Their wives swore by Juno Diana, Venus Proserpine and Ceres. Rhodantheus forbade his followers to swear by anything save a dog, a goose, and a plane tree; while Pythagoras made the number 1 the only standard on which his disciples might stake their veracity.

Demosthenes swore by the dead at Marathon; the kings by their scepters; and the Phocians "when they built Massilia in Narbonne" swore by Gaul, bound themselves solemnly never to return to Phocia, that their name became a proverb for a stern vow.

In all times men have sworn by their patron saints or deities, and by those under whose protection their trade, handicraft, accidental occupation, or nationality was supposed to lie. But in olden days curses were very nearly akin to oaths, and, indeed, constitute the major part of those imprecations of the supernatural powers which have been left on historical record.

The attempt of Balak to curse the Israelites by means of Balaam is an instance of this. In the "Electra" of Sophocles, the "Ninth Iliad" of Homer, and the "Orestes" of Euripides we find families, and even hostile cities, cursed in the most elaborate manner; and the Athenians evidently were imbued with an idea of the religious weight which might attach to an imprecation when they ordered Alcibiades to be publicly cursed by all the priests and priestesses.

One of the latter, Theano, it will be remembered, refused to comply with this behest, on the ground that her office fitted her to bless, not to condemn. Finally the Roman Catholic pontiffs cursed freely for some centuries with "bell, book and candle."

MR. EVARTS AS A POET.

At the round table of the celebrated Sam. Ward, Oscar Wilde sat directly opposite the esteemed juriconsult, Mr. William M. Evarts. Mr. Evarts likes nothing in the world better than a slice of Sam. Ward's Westphalia ham boiled in champagne, and incidentally is brought into contact with some curious pieces of human hie-a-brac.

The young aesthete, by the time Sam Ward's lettuce came on, had ceased to disguise his interest in the lean, silent little gentleman opposite him. He took advantage of an opportunity to say a few words in a low tone to William Hubbard, who sat at his right. The editor of the World replied at some length in an undertone, adding: "O, by all means ask him."

"Mr. Evarts," said Wilde, stretching his long legs under and his long chin over the table toward the ex-secretary of state, "pardon the request if presumptuous, but it would afford me an inexpressible pleasure to hear you recite something of your own, even if nothing more than a poemlet."

Mr. Evarts' astonishment had not allowed him to reply when Sam Ward broke in: "Permit me. No poet, you know can do justice to his own things." And in the deep, rich voice for which he is famous he repeated the whole of Theodore Tilton's "Aimer, aimer, c'est a vivre."

"Capital!" said Wilde, "but really you know, I had no idea that that sort of thing was cultivated here by your statesmen."

"O yes," said Sam Ward, with a side glance at Hubbard, "and Evarts recited those verses once to a public audience in Brooklyn, where, I assure you, they were heard with appreciation."

A FRISCO JURY.

There is a wide spread but altogether erroneous impression that San Francisco juries, instead of wasting any valuable time consulting as to their verdict, play one game of Pedro all round, and then send out their foreman to make any return that may come into his head on the way. The following photographic report of a consultation of a jury at the City Hall the other day, taken down on the spot by one of the twelve, will show how utterly unreliable the rumor is. The case in question was that of Hugg vs. Stiggins, in which the latter was sued for \$10,000 for mayhem.

"Well, gentlemen," said the foreman, as they were locked in by the bailiff, "what's your idea about this thing—anybody got any fine-cut?—I suppose you'll all look at it as I do—justifiable homicide?"

No. Two—"Tisn't a murder case—you're thinking about the people against Goobar that we're—ahem—retained in for next week. This is a damages case, you know."

"Foreman says: 'Ah! indeed?'" and shakes his head thoughtfully.

No. Three—"By the way, what had that big woman in a green dress to do with the case? I felt kinder drowsy the first two days and didn't exactly catch on?"

No. Four—"That 'twas the plaintiff's sister—ho! no—she said she had stole something from the plaintiff in 1862, I believe."

No. Five—"Why, no! she was the defendant's landlady; what did she testify, Mr. Feeley?"

Newspaper Decisions.

1. Any person who takes a paper regularly from the office—whether directed to his name or otherwise—must pay for it in advance, and is responsible for the payment.

2. If a person orders a paper to be sent to him, and the publisher may continue to send it until payment is made, and collect the whole amount, whether the paper is taken from the office or not.

3. The Courts have decided that refusing to take newspapers and periodicals from the post office, or removing and leaving them unattended for, is prima facie evidence of fraud.

With Supplement.

GUITEAU AND MASON.

On the second of July last, a miserable pimple upon the face of society—called Chas. J. Guiteau—maliciously shot the President of this republic, brought the people to grief, and the government to the verge of anarchy. At an expense of thousands of dollars, a trial of weeks, was carried on, to prove what everybody knew, and what the culprit admitted, that he had feloniously assassinated the President and killed him. Out of a mistaken idea of justice, the country went to this expense and submitted to those weeks of insult and moral humiliation. If there had been a shadow of a doubt concerning the identity of the prisoner or of his guilt, that would have been demanded by our laws and institutions. But the bold defiance and confession of the murder entirely changed the aspect. With identity and guilt established, there was but one question in dispute, the sanity of the culprit. A jury of specialists could pass upon that question better than any jury of laymen. This established, short shrift should have been made with one who would thus ruthlessly take life and imperil the stability of our government. But today this man is comfortably lodged in jail, and with the sentence of death hanging over him, is coining money out of the notoriety obtained by foul murder and unseemly conduct during the trial. He sells his autograph and takes subscribers for his hypocritical religious book, and is probably more prosperous than ever before during his useless and vagrant life. During his trial he fed on the best of the land, was accommodated with a private dining room, held a New Year's reception, and was surrounded with delicacies and sympathy.

Look on that picture and then on this. While the villain was in jail, guarded by United States troops who kept the angry people from tearing him limb from limb, a respectable man, a soldier of brave record, with a wife and child dependent upon him was placed on guard. Pressed by the excitement of the hour, and moved by a just indignation at the prisoner's treatment, after he was relieved, he fired a shot from his musket through the window where the cowardly assassin was confined. This man was immediately confined in the barracks and deprived of his liberty. In a brief time Court-Martial sat upon his case. No trial of weeks, turkey dinners and receptions were a part of the programme in his case. The hardships of soldier life were meted out to him and he was promptly sentenced to eight years of hard labor in the penitentiary at Albany, N. Y.—to which place he was hurried away—to be dishonored, discharged from the army, and to have his compensation then due confiscated. Brief was the trial, severe the sentence, and quick of execution. While he toils, the greater sinner coins money, at ease, and for his own benefit. Charity supports the wife of the soldier who forgot his duty, and sentimentality and a stupidly morbid curiosity pours wealth into the lap of the disgusting murderer.

There is a seeming, in fact, a real injustice apparent on comparing these two men and their lots. We do not expect military men to be very humane. Sentiment is studiously educated out of them, and military rules are enforced with proper rigidity. Officers of the army truly say that discipline must be maintained, and all infractions of law swiftly and surely punished. An army can only thus be maintained. This is a correct doctrine, and is as applicable to the courts as to the army. A good government cannot be maintained unless its laws are strictly enforced; unless every violation thereof is surely and quickly punished. The laws are to punish criminals, not by their technicalities to set them free; not by their perversion to make the criminal a great and notable man. We do not wonder the people are so disrespectful to courts as they are. They see criminals escape and just punishment avoided through them, when they should be the men of prompt and swift justice. Men perjure themselves, and escaping indictment, learn contempt for an oath.

Until the civil and criminal laws are enforced with the same even hand and sure result which marks a court-martial, they will be held in contempt by the people. And if the loose tendency increases, the people will become a law unto themselves, punishing crimes with their own hands, until they have taught the judiciary the important fact that the law is for protection and punishment, not for hair-splitting and meaningless technical quibbles through which criminals may enjoy the same blessings accorded to good citizens.

—We are glad to notice that a Post of the Grand Army of the Republic has been established at Norway. As the years pass, and the numbers of old soldiers decrease, it is natural that the associations of military life should be brought to mind. This is not done to perpetuate hard feelings, but to renew kindly associations among those who have experienced in common, which we hope will fall to but few of the younger men who now nearly monopolize the fields of active business life.

—Congressman Dingley has been instructed by the sub-committee of the Coinage Committee, to prepare a report on the silver question. This ensures the preparation of a sound and instructive document. Mr. Dingley will urge the suspension of the coinage of silver dollars and of the emission of silver certificates until either European nations shall agree to an international silver standard, or the United States shall decide to put a dollar's worth of silver in the silver dollar. *Portland Advertiser.*

—Miss Della F. Robinson of Massachusetts, the "lady lawyer," is the granddaughter of Daniel Robinson of Gardiner, Maine, who for many years was editor of the "Old Farmer's Almanac."

—Mr. Alden Chase of Bryant's Pond, foreman of the first jury, is quite an antiquarian. His large library contains many quaint, ancient and valuable volumes. Last week he brought to our office, the only complete file of the Maine Farmers' Almanac in existence. He has it bound in six handy board volumes. The first issue was in 1819, and for three years Moses Sprague, Jr., was editor. For one year Sprague & Robinson were editors, and from that time to this date Daniel Robinson has been the editor. Mr. Chase has long been one of the contributors to this periodical, and is now one of the oldest contributors living. Mr. Chase also showed us a fine and well preserved copy of Gov. Lincoln's poem, "The Village," published in New Hampshire in 1816. In the title page is written, evidently in Gov. Lincoln's hand, after "The Village" the words "of Fryeburg by Enoch Lincoln." Copious notes complete the volume, and explain the text of the poem. This work is very rare; and probably only a small edition was printed. Among other old books in his possession are "Real Christian," printed in 1752; a copy of the first singing book printed in the United States, from plates between movable music types were invented; and the three first editions of Webster's Spelling Book. The first edition is very rare, and Mr. Chase's copy is somewhat defaced, but the two following issues are in perfect order. He has also a copy of Thomas Paine's famous "Common Sense," issued in 1776. We should have stated above, that the 1819 Almanac, contained a complete list of U. S. Postal Routes then maintained by the government.

—The election of Postmasters, being a local matter, might result in a better selection than those now made, but when it comes to the election of U. S. District officials, such as Marshals, Attorneys, &c., we fear the people in general are not so well qualified to act. They would vote for the nominees of their several parties, rather than for the best men. The men who are now appointed to such offices are generally those who have so distinguished themselves as to naturally become prominent candidates for the places and the Congressmen are better able to judge by petitions and other information furnished, who is fit for such places than ordinary voters are. There is an effort being made to amend the Constitution so that all these offices shall be elective. We vote no.

—No better selection could have been made by the Oxford Bar Association, while looking for a suitable man to present their resolutions on the death of Alva Black, than the man who was chosen. Maj. Hastings and Mr. Black were old college friends, both graduates of Bowdoin. These early friendships had been continued through a long and active life, during which new ties of professional and political affiliation had bound them even closer together. Having so many friendships in common, Mr. Hastings was eminently the man to write a history of Mr. Black's life, and to do justice to his many manly traits of character.

—Some persons have thought that the appointment of a Clerk by Judge Danforth was only for the present term of Court. Such belief is incorrect. This appointment fills the vacancy until an election or an appointment by the Governor and Council. Mr. J. S. Wright will therefore perform all the duties pertaining to the Clerk's office until Jan. 1, 1883, unless the Governor and Council agree upon some other man. The probability is that no new nomination will be made.

—Speaking of Court matters, it may not be out of place to state that the county has been saved a considerable sum of money by the bailing out of prisoners, through the efforts of Mr. S. E. Newell, of the firm of Hutchinson & Newell, Paris Hill. Mr. Newell procured bail for the two boys who were arrested for obstructing the R. R. track at Bryant's Pond, and for Poland of Peru, who was arrested for stealing. These parties had their liberty restored, and the county board bill was largely reduced by these acts of kindness.

—The Maine Mining Journal advocates a Geological Survey of Maine by the U. S. Coast Survey, in order to inform the people of our geological resources. Such a survey should be made by the State, or at the expense of the State, if the Coast Survey would be most reliable. We are in favor of such a survey by some reliable geologist, that the mineral resources of Maine may not hereafter be the subject of so much speculation.

—We have received the first copy of Solon Chase's new paper, "Them Steers." The heading is embellished with an engraving of Solon's hired man holding a plow which the steers are drawing through a prosperous crop of spring wheat.

—Mr. J. M. Cummings of So. Paris wishes to purchase immediately 18 or 20 horses for his stables at So. Paris and Norway. Persons having the right kind of animals should see him at once.

—Mr. Chas. Morse of Minneapolis, Minn., made us a brief call, last week. He is a former resident of South Paris, but now speaks very highly of his new home in the West.

—Owing to the pressure of Court matters, we are obliged to defer until next week local items of interest from South Paris, Andover and other points.

—Eben F. Bangs of Sweden has been appointed Justice of the Peace by Governor Plaisted.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Monday: At the second trial Portland failed to elect a Mayor.

Tuesday: The Pacific Mills at Lawrence were closed and the 5,000 operatives are now idle.

Wednesday: The Portland City Council elected C. F. Libbey, Republican, Mayor.

Thursday: The Empress William celebrated his 55th birthday.

Friday: In an interview, Mr. Blaine said the country had lost the opportunity of a century in temporizing policy toward Peru and Chile. The House passed the Anti-Chinese Bill.

Saturday: Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, America's greatest poet, died.

S. J. COURT MARCH TERM, 1882.

DANFORTH, J. Presiding.

COURT OFFICERS.

H. C. ESTES, DD., Chaplain.
JAMES S. WRIGHT, Clerk.
ALBERT S. KIMBALL, County Attorney.
MISS CORNELIA PUTNER, Reporter.
WILLIAM DOUGLASS, Sheriff.
W. O. DOUGLASS, Jailor.
A. B. BARROWS, Deputy.
R. A. GODWIN, "
C. M. WORKMILL, "
J. L. PARKER, "
W. A. BARROWS, Messenger.

The following cases were tried during the week:

No. 98. Sarah S. L. Gray v. Charles H. Whitman et al.

This is an action for an alleged assault and battery by the two defendants, husband and wife, on the plaintiff. The testimony of the plaintiff was that she went to the defendants' house in September, 1879, where she had certain rights of dower, and that the defendants beat, bruised, wounded and threw her down and used great personal violence upon her and injured her shoulder and left side.

The defendants severally in their defense, claimed that it was not in September, but a month earlier than the plaintiff and her witnesses stated, and that no such assault as she claimed was committed, and furthermore that it being a month earlier, the wife of Whitman was confined to her bed, not having got up from a confinement at the birth of a child, and that she was not a participant in the offense at all; and the other defendant claims that the plaintiff came to his house armed with a hatchet and was attempting to injure a door when he took the hatchet away from her and she threw herself upon the floor and was not thrown down by him.

The jury returned a verdict of ten dollars and forty cents against C. H. Whitman, and of not guilty against the other defendant, who recovers costs against the plaintiff.

Gibson, Benson,
Swasey, Foster.

No. 99. Sarah S. L. Gray v. Charles H. Whitman et al.

This was an action of trespass on the case for entering upon the dower estate of the plaintiff situated in Woodstock, and depriving her of the use of the same and preventing her from having access to the same as she alleges in the writ. The time alleged was between the 8th and 25th days of August, 1879. The evidence of the plaintiff failed to show any acts of the defendants during the time alleged, and a motion was made by the plaintiff to amend the writ by inserting a count for trespass *quare clausum*, which, being objected to by the defendant, the Court disallowed, and thereupon the plaintiff withdrew from the ruling, and the case was withdrawn from the Jury and goes up to the Law Court on exceptions.

Gibson, Benson,
Swasey, Foster.

No. 203. Emory M. Srett et al. v. Reuben T. Allen et al.

The plaintiffs sue the defendants, six in number, for entering a mill in Milton Plantation in April, 1879, and removing therefrom a Chase shingle machine, and converting the same to their own use.

It appears that the plaintiff grantor was Treasurer and one of the Assessors of Milton in the year 1870, and obtained a loan of \$800 from the plantation with which he purchased the machine in suit, and with the intention of afterwards giving security on the same to the plantation but never did so. Afterwards by sundry conveyances the title came into the hands of these plaintiffs. The defendants claiming to act in behalf of the plantation, in the absence of the plaintiffs, entered the mill and forcibly removed the machine—claiming to hold it for the plantation.

Verdict for the plaintiffs for \$112.41. Defendants carry the case up on motion for new trial.

Davis,
Foster, Swasey.

No. 115. Michael Looney v. Alfred B. Walker et al.

This was an action on account annexed for \$34.00. The parties reside in Canton. The defense set up was that nothing was due the plaintiff inasmuch as a settlement in full had been made prior to the commencement of this suit and a receipt was put into the case.

The plaintiff replies that the defendants sued this plaintiff before a Trial Justice in Dixfield and recovered judgment for \$23, and that on that execution this plaintiff had been arrested at Canton by the Deputy Sheriff and to release himself he gave the receipt in the case. It was also claimed that at the same time a suit had been brought at Canton by this plaintiff against these defendants—really cross actions, but no judgment entered up. The plaintiff claimed that the judgment on which he was arrested was not valid, but the Court ruled the judgment of the Justice binding and legal, and that the arrest was legal, and the only question was as to the amount that was due, if anything. The defense claimed that a part of the items sued for were a gift from this plaintiff to the defendants, and that by the receipt given they had discharged their judgment against this plaintiff and this plaintiff was estopped from recovering in this action. There was much conflicting testimony upon both sides.

The Jury failed to agree.

Swasey & Gibbs. Randall.

No. 210. Albert D. White v. Gilman L. Blake et al.

Petition for an amendment of the records of the Supreme Judicial Court for August Term, 1882, at which term judgment was entered up against the defendants, and his only remedy being *scire facias*, he asks that the records of the court be amended and corrected as they should have been at that time, in order that he may recover for the subsequent damage he has been put to, and as he claims the subsequent breach of the law. The case was reported to the Law Court for its decision.

Frye, Hammons.

No. 194. Charles Chase v. Charles Abbott et al.

Action on promissory note dated June 3, 1879, for \$980, given for title by quit claim deed to certain wild lands in the town of Upton, known as the Ministerial and School Fund Lands.

The defense set up is want of consideration by reason of failure of title inasmuch as the deed conveys only the right, title and interest of the trustees of said school fund instead of the interest of the town.

The case was made law on report, and goes forward to the Law Court.

Foster.

No. 298. John and John M. Dorr v. E. Fannie Roby and James Burd.

Account for personal services for haying in season of 1881, as per contract, \$60.

Defense, that plaintiffs did not perform the labor as per contract.

Verdict for pliffs, \$41.67.

Swasey. Blabbe & Hersey.

DEMOCRATIC CONVENTION, JULY 8, 1882.—PARIS HILL.

To the Editor of the Oxford Democrat:

In a former letter I referred to the notable Convention of July 8, 1882. I have some recollections of that Convention which may be interesting to some of your readers. In the first place, it was composed of many of the leading men in the county. There was Judge Stephen Emery, Hiram Hubbard and Dr. T. H. Brown, of Paris; Joseph Tobin and Isaac Strickland, of Livermore; Eldridge Gerry, of Waterford; E. L. Osgood, of Fryeburg; C. P. Kimball, of Norway; Cyrus Ingalls, of Denmark; John Walker, of Lovell; Alden Chase, Sidney Perham and H. C. Davis, of Woodstock; Lyman Rawson and A. B. Godwin, of Rumford; N. B. Hubbard and John H. Spring, of Hiram; H. A. Ellis, of Canton, and other men of note I have not time to mention.

The two wings then existing in the party came together to measure swords, and fight to win. There was a bitter contest over the organization of the Convention. Several seats were contested, and much time was consumed in settling these questions. Then came the tug of war over the presiding officer, which resulted in the election of Isaac Strickland over Judge Emery. The Convention was held in the old court-house. The day was unseasonably hot, and all available room was crammed with spectators. In some of the votes upon preliminary questions it was impossible to get a correct count, and the Convention adjourned out of doors, formed two lines upon the common, and were counted off by tellers.

The members stood it as long as they could in the court-house, and then adjourned to the Baptist church to renew the fight.

On the vote for Senator from the western portion of the county, James Walker had 77 votes and O'Neill W. Robinson 46. The majority was unexpectedly large, and what was then known as the "hunker" wing raised a shout, and rushed for a second ballot, for a candidate from the eastern portion; but on account of certain rank movements on the part of the "Hubbard party"—as the other wing was called—the hunkers became demoralized, and Lyman Rawson, the candidate of the "Hubbard men," led—Rawson having 41, J. J. Holman 27, C. P. Holland 25, John M. East 18, and 14 scattering. The next ballot Rawson ran up to 52, Holman 30. The 3rd ballot Rawson had 59, and Holman 62—no choice, on account of a few scattering votes.

At this stage of the proceedings, it now being about 12 o'clock at night, a portion of the hunker wing it was said became somewhat exhausted and "dry," and they resorted to the hotel for "refreshments." The Hubbard men saw their time had come—forced a ballot, and by a show of hands found themselves in the majority. The balloting was nearly completed and the box about to be turned, which undoubtedly would have shown Judge Rawson nominated. The hunkers saw their dilemma; they had no time to rally their thirsty brethren at the hotel; and, as a last resort, to defeat their opponents and break up the ballot, one of their number amid the wild cheering of the hunkers crammed into the box a fist full of votes, numbering some five or six hundred. This of course destroyed the ballot.

The men at the hotel were rushed back to the Convention, and upon the next ballot, Holman was declared nominated by 3 majority.

The subsequent ballottings for candidates did not run on the same lines that divided the Convention upon the Senatorial candidates. Personal considerations entered more or less into the issues between candidates. For Clerk of the Courts, Charles W. Walton had 75 votes, and Sullivan C. Andrews 41 and 12 scattering. For County Attorney, David R. Hastings received 72, and Timothy Ludden 40. For County Commissioners, John H. Spring of Hiram beat Cyrus Ingalls; and Aljon Dillingham, who was the candidate of the Hubbard wing, was nominated for the eastern part of the county.

Near the close of the proceedings, a resolution was offered pledging the members of the Convention to the support of regular nominations, which would include Dr. Hubbard, the regular nominee for Governor, and laid upon the table by the hunkers.

Messrs. Walker and Holman were elected by a very small majority, and the next winter went over to the Whigs neck and heels by voting for Wm. G. Crosby, the Whig candidate for Governor. It was a want of confidence in their political integrity, that created such a vigorous opposition to their nomination in this Convention.

The extraordinary proceedings connected with this political meeting was "the feather that broke the camel's back." A large number of the members of this Convention, including many men of influence and high standing, in the political world, went away determined to fight these proceedings at the polls, by organized action. A mass convention of the untainted Democracy was called and held at Norway, which placed a new ticket in the field; and although it did not succeed that year, it proved the death of the old Democratic party in Oxford county, and raised the independent flag which now floats under the name of a "Republican," not only in a majority of States, but over the National Capitol in Washington.

J. J. P.

—It is probable that the Katabdin Iron Works will soon be connected with the outside world by a telegraph.

OTHER NOTICES TO BE MADE, SERVED AND POSTED AT LEAST THREE DAYS BEFORE SAID TIME OF MEETING, AND THAT ALL PERSONS AND CORPORATIONS MAY THEN AND THEREAFTER APPEAR AND SHOW CAUSE IF ANY THEY HAVE WHY THE PRAYER OF SAID PETITIONERS SHOULD NOT BE GRANTED.

Attest: JAMES S. WRIGHT, Clerk.
A true copy of said Petition and order of Court thereon.

Attest: JAMES S. WRIGHT, Clerk.

STRONG FACTS!

A great many people are asking what particular troubles BROWN'S IRON BITTERS is good for.

It will cure Heart Disease, Paralysis, Dropsy, Kidney Disease, Consumption, Dyspepsia, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, and all similar diseases.

Its wonderful curative power is simply because it purifies and enriches the blood, thus beginning at the foundation, and by building up the system, drives out all disease.

A Lady Cured of Rheumatism.

Baltimore, Md., May 7, 1880.
My health was much shattered by Rheumatism when I commenced taking BROWN'S IRON BITTERS, and I am now using the bottle and I cheerfully recommend it to all. I cannot say enough in praise of it. Mrs. MARY E. HARRIS, 177 Fremont.

Kidney Disease Cured.

Christiansburg, Va., 1880.
Suffering from kidney disease for several years, I was cured by BROWN'S IRON BITTERS, which cured me completely. A child of mine, who had been sick several years, had no appetite and did not seem to be able to eat at all. I gave him BROWN'S IRON BITTERS with the happiest results. J. KYLE MONTAGUE.

Heart Disease.

Vine St., Harrisburg, Pa., Dec. 2, 1881.
After trying different physicians and remedies for palpitation of the heart without receiving any benefit, I was advised to try BROWN'S IRON BITTERS, and I have used two bottles and never found anything that gave me so much relief. JENNIE HENK.

For the peculiar troubles to which ladies are subject, BROWN'S IRON BITTERS is invaluable. Try it.

Be sure and get the Genuine.

A true copy—attest: H. C. DAVIS, Register.

OXFORD, ss.—At a Court of Probate held at Paris, within and for the County of Oxford on the third Tuesday of March, A. D. 1882.

ELI B. BEAN, Administrator of the estate of ALVA BLACK, late of said County, deceased, having presented his account of administration of said estate, and shown cause why the same should not be allowed.

Ordered, That the said Administrator give notice to all persons interested by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat, printed at Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Paris in said County on the third Tuesday of April next, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, and show cause if any they have why the same should not be allowed.

Attest: R. A. FRYE, Judge.

A true copy—attest: H. C. DAVIS, Register.

OXFORD, ss.—At a Court of Probate held at Paris, within and for the County of Oxford on the third Tuesday of March, A. D. 1882.

ELI B. BEAN, Administrator of the estate of ALVA BLACK, late of said County, deceased, having presented his account of administration of said estate, and shown cause why the same should not be allowed.

Ordered, That the said Administrator give notice to all persons interested by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat, printed at Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Paris in said County on the third Tuesday of April next, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, and show cause if any they have why the same should not be allowed.

Attest: R. A. FRYE, Judge.

A true copy—attest: H. C. DAVIS, Register.

OXFORD, ss.—At a Court of Probate held at Paris, within and for the County of Oxford on the third Tuesday of March, A. D. 1882.

ELI B. BEAN, Administrator of the estate of ALVA BLACK, late of said County, deceased, having presented his account of administration of said estate, and shown cause why the same should not be allowed.

Ordered, That the said Administrator give notice to all persons interested by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat, printed at Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Paris in said County on the third Tuesday of April next, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, and show cause if any they have why the same should not be allowed.

Attest: R. A. FRYE, Judge.

A true copy—attest: H. C. DAVIS, Register.

OXFORD, ss.—At a Court of Probate held at Paris, within and for the County of Oxford on the third Tuesday of March, A. D. 1882.

ELI B. BEAN, Administrator of the estate of ALVA BLACK, late of said County, deceased, having presented his account of administration of said estate, and shown cause why the same should not be allowed.

Ordered, That the said Administrator give notice to all persons interested by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat, printed at Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Paris in said County on the third Tuesday of April next, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, and show cause if any they have why the same should not be allowed.

Attest: R. A. FRYE, Judge.

A true copy—attest: H. C. DAVIS, Register.

OXFORD, ss.—At a Court of Probate held at Paris, within and for the County of Oxford on the third Tuesday of March, A. D. 1882.

ELI B. BEAN, Administrator of the estate of ALVA BLACK, late of said County, deceased, having presented his account of administration of said estate, and shown cause why the same should not be allowed.

Ordered, That the said Administrator give notice to all persons interested by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat, printed at Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Paris in said County on the third Tuesday of April next, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, and show cause if any they have why the same should not be allowed.

Attest: R. A. FRYE, Judge.

A true copy—attest: H. C. DAVIS, Register.

OXFORD, ss.—At a Court of Probate held at Paris, within and for the County of Oxford on the third Tuesday of March, A. D. 1882.

ELI B. BEAN, Administrator of the estate of ALVA BLACK, late of said County, deceased, having presented his account of administration of said estate, and shown cause why the same should not be allowed.

Ordered, That the said Administrator give notice to all persons interested by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat, printed at Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Paris in said County on the third Tuesday of April next, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, and show cause if any they have why the same should not be allowed.

Attest: R. A. FRYE, Judge.

A true copy—attest: H. C. DAVIS, Register.

OXFORD, ss.—At a Court of Probate held at Paris, within and for the County of Oxford on the third Tuesday of March, A. D. 1882.

ELI B. BEAN, Administrator of the estate of ALVA BLACK, late of said County, deceased, having presented his account of administration of said estate, and shown cause why the same should not be allowed.

Ordered, That the said Administrator give notice to all persons interested by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat, printed at Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Paris in said County on the third Tuesday of April next, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, and show cause if any they have why the same should not be allowed.

Attest: R. A. FRYE, Judge.

A true copy—attest: H. C. DAVIS, Register.

OXFORD, ss.—At a Court of Probate held at Paris, within and for the County of Oxford on the third Tuesday of March, A. D. 1882.

ELI B. BEAN, Administrator of the estate of ALVA BLACK, late of said County, deceased, having presented his account of administration of said estate, and shown cause why the same should not be allowed.

Ordered, That the said Administrator give notice to all persons interested by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat, printed at Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Paris in said County on the third Tuesday of April next, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, and show cause if any they have why the same should not be allowed.

Attest: R. A. FRYE, Judge.

A true copy—attest: H. C. DAVIS, Register.

OTHER NOTICES TO BE MADE, SERVED AND POSTED AT LEAST THREE DAYS BEFORE SAID TIME OF MEETING, AND THAT ALL PERSONS AND CORPORATIONS MAY THEN AND THEREAFTER APPEAR AND SHOW CAUSE IF ANY THEY HAVE WHY THE PRAYER OF SAID PETITIONERS SHOULD NOT BE GRANTED.

Attest: JAMES S. WRIGHT, Clerk.
A true copy of said Petition and order of Court thereon.

Attest: JAMES S. WRIGHT, Clerk.

STRONG FACTS!

A great many people are asking what particular troubles BROWN'S IRON BITTERS is good for.

It will cure Heart Disease, Paralysis, Dropsy, Kidney Disease, Consumption, Dyspepsia, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, and all similar diseases.

Its wonderful curative power is simply because it purifies and enriches the blood, thus beginning at the foundation, and by building up the system, drives out all disease.

A Lady Cured of Rheumatism.

Baltimore, Md., May 7, 1880.
My health was much shattered by Rheumatism when I commenced taking BROWN'S IRON BITTERS, and I am now using the bottle and I cheerfully recommend it to all. I cannot say enough in praise of it. Mrs. MARY E. HARRIS, 177 Fremont.

Kidney Disease Cured.

Christiansburg, Va., 1880.
Suffering from kidney disease for several years, I was cured by BROWN'S IRON BITTERS, which cured me completely. A child of mine, who had been sick several years, had no appetite and did not seem to be able to eat at all. I gave him BROWN'S IRON BITTERS with the happiest results. J. KYLE MONTAGUE.</

The Oxford Democrat.

VOLUME 49.

PARIS, MAINE, TUESDAY, MARCH 28, 1882.

NUMBER 12.

GOD'S WILL.

orth from his tent the patriarch Abraham slept, And lengthening shadows slowly past him crept. For many days he scarce had broke his fast, Lost some poor wanderer should come at last. And, scanty comfort finding, go his way, In doubt of God's great mercy day by day. But deep contentment in his calm eyes shone When he beheld star a pilgrim lone, Fare slowly toward him from the flaming west, With weary steps betokening need of rest. When that he came anon, straightway was seen An aged man of grave and reverend mien. "Gentle of mine eyes, here let thy footsteps halt," The patriarch said, "and share my bread and salt." Then calling to his kindred, soon the board Was richly laden with the patriarch's board. And when around the fair repast they drew, "Bismillah!" said they all, with reverence due; Save only he for whom the feast was spread; He bowed him gravely, but no word he said. Then Abraham thus: "O guest, is it not meet To offer God's great name ere thou dost eat?" The pilgrim answered, courteous but calm, "Good friend, of those who worship fire I am." Then Abraham rose, his brow with anger bent, And drove the aged Gibeon from his tent. That instant, swifter than a flashing sword, Appeared and spoke an angel of the Lord, In shining splendor wrapped; the bright one said: "An hundred years upon this aged head God's mercy hath been lavished from on high, In life and sun and rain. Dost thou deny What God withholdeth not from the meaneast cloud?" The patriarch bowed in meekness. Great is God!—Century Magazine.

AN ENRAGED FATHER.

"I tell thee now, Richard, that thee'll never get a cent of my money if thee keeps on with this devil's work." The speaker was Friend Joseph Harris, and he held at arm's length a small picture in water colors, the features of which were hardly discernible in the gloom of the winter morning. Friend Joseph had been at the barn as was his custom, to fodder the cattle and feed the horses before breakfast, and had discovered this humble bit of art in a nook in the granary. He did not have to be told that it was his son Richard's work, whose inclination to such ungodly pursuits had been the distress of his parents' lives. Full of suppressed wrath Joseph burst into the kitchen where the family were waiting breakfast, and without preface addressed his son with the threat which he considered the most dreadful he could use—that of dishonor. It meant something, too, for in spite of his plain surroundings, Joseph Harris owned nearly two hundred acres of land worth easily a hundred and fifty dollars an acre, and his visits to the county town on the first of April of each year were not to pay interest but to receive it. A tall, straight figure, he was nearing sixty years of age, but as vigorous as a youth, with quick motions and sharp black eyes, indicating a violent nature chained for life by the strict discipline of the Society of Friends. His son Richard, now turned of twenty-two, was of a different mold, short and stoutly built. The moment his father entered the kitchen Richard felt that his secret labor had been discovered, but his anxiety was more for it than for himself. He rarely dared face his father's anger, for Joseph Harris, like many of his sex, made up in severity at home for the smooth and passionless exterior he maintained abroad. "Will thee give it to me, father?" said Richard, advancing toward the outstretched hand which held the sketch, while the hand's owner contemplated it with unshakeable disgust. He had painted two studies of a little piece of meadow, snatching the time on First days and Fifth days, when his father and mother were at meeting, and he and Mose Riddle, the colored man, were left to look after the stock. One copy he had sent on a venture to a commission house in New York, the other he had hidden in the barn. It had acquired a kind of sanctity to him, and each tree had become a symbol of some rebuff or answer he was fated to encounter in his future life. He had, moreover, described it to Sibilla Vernon and had promised this sole confidante of his aspirations that he would bring it over sometime and let her see it. But Sibilla lived two miles away, and as her parents were also strict members of meeting, who regarded every work of art as profanity, this would have to be managed with due caution. Richard's first impulse, therefore, was to secure the picture. But his father had a double cause of displeasure and his anger was deep. He had agreed to give Richard a fourth share in the profits of the farm this year, and not only was this painting business an ungodly amusement, but also a waste of precious time and a loss of money. It must be stopped. "I'll put it where it deserves to go, and where thee will follow unless thee turns thy steps from the world and its follies. But the fire that thou wilt meet

will be that which is not quenched, and where the worm dieth not." With these words, which Friend Harris spoke slowly and with that slight chanting intonation which characterizes the utterances of the speakers in meeting, the solemnity of which was further increased by the use of the formal "thou" instead of the usual "thee," he put the picture in the fire. "Father," said Richard in a low and even tone, "I repeat what I have often told thee; I have no light that there is evil in painting; but as thee thinks there is, I shall bid thee and mother farewell to day, and seek employment elsewhere. I shall not ask thee for any share in this estate." Taking his hat from the window-sill, he passed out of the kitchen door, leaving his father speechless with amazement at this rebellious utterance, and his mother—a poor weak woman, constantly in misery between carrying out the severe rule of her husband whom she feared, and yielding to the tenderness of her boy whom she loved—wiping her tears without emitting any sound, either word or sob. As for his two sisters, they sat demure and motionless through the whole scene, at heart rather pleased at it, as they had no sympathy with their brother's taste for forbidden arts, and thought him a queer, wasteful, uncomfortable member of the household. Moreover, though younger than he, they were not too young to see at once the pecuniary advantage to them of his renunciation of his share of the estate. Richard went toward the barn and took a seat in a nook of the corn-fodder stack that was built along the side of the barnyard. He did not feel the cold, raw air of the early morning. His mind was too full of the step he was about to take and what had led up to it. Now or never he must quit the farm, renounce the teaching of the Society, throw aside the coat with the standing collar and the quaint broad-brimmed black hat, give up the plain language, reject the counsels of the venerable fathers of meeting who would surely be appointed to visit him, and prove a recreant to the revered precepts of Fox and Barclay. All this was meant by a pursuit of his strong bias for art. Going back to his earliest memory he could recall that when four years old he was left for a few hours at the house of Mike Wallis, an Irish tenant in a neighboring farm, and that Mike's wife had kept him in the utmost bliss by showing him a colored print of the Virgin and the Infant, and telling him the pathetic history as it had pictured itself in her warm Irish heart. But what was the horror of the parents next day when he toddled into the room when they were at dinner and called: "Mudder, mudder, come see God." His parents ran to the door to see what this strange appeal meant, and lo! there, on the floor of the front porch, chalked in rude but faithful outlines, were the Child, with rays of glory around his head, and the Mother, by his side, holding a cross. He could still recall the awe that came over his father's face, and his mother's impetuous rush for a bucket of water and scrubbing-brush. Nor had he forgotten the violent shake and immediate spanking he himself received for his artistic endeavor. His memory leapt till he was a boy of ten, and to his intense delight at effecting a trade of a Barlow knife for a box of paints. Many an hour of joy had they given him, hiding himself in the garret of the old house, in the back part of the haymow near the dusty gable window, or in a little hut he had built in the woods. But his prying little sister betrayed him one day, and not only was his treasure confiscated, but he himself was tied to the bedstead by his mother and given such a whipping as would have discouraged most youthful artists. Later in life, when he was too old for such vigorous measures, many lectures had he received on the frivolity of such tastes and the wickedness of ministering to them. These scenes passing through his memory convinced him that it was vain to battle with such inflexible rules, and that to be free he must leave the farm and all its associations. There was but one which had really held him. This was Sibilla Vernon. The daughter of rigid parents, her mother even a "public friend," whose voice at monthly and quarterly meetings was familiar to all members of the Society, Sibilla was a not unusual type of the advanced thought of her sect. Though devoid of any passion for art herself, Sibilla understood and respected the forbidden tastes of her lover. She looked upon his peculiar abilities as gifts of God for use in life, and she quietly but firmly put aside the traditions of her sect, which condemn them indiscriminately. Leaving the fodder-stack, Richard walked across the bare field toward the plain brick house which was Sibilla's home. His mind was made up. He would go to New York and devote himself to the study of art. He had saved since his majority about three hundred dollars. He had youth, strength, talent, love—was not that enough? Would Sibilla approve of it? Would she make the serious sacrifice it involved? As he approached the house it was about ten o'clock, and all the males were out at work. He knocked at the front door, instead of the side door as usual, and Sibilla herself opened it and gazed at him with considerable surprise in her hazel eyes, quickly changing to an ex-

pression of pleasure, which Richard did not fail to notice, and which filled him with both joy and anxiety. "Why, Richard, what brings thee here at this hour?" was her exclamation. "Sibilla," he said, "I wish to see thee," and stepping in he closed the door, and they both stood in the wide hall, obscurely lighted by the transoms at each end. He paused a moment to recover his control, and then spoke in a low, vibrating tone: "I am going to leave the farm in order to study art. I shall have to give up my membership in the Society, as thee knows. Father says he will leave me nothing if I do, and I know thy mother agrees with him. But I am not afraid. All I ask is that thee approve of my decision and will become my wife as soon as I am able to offer thee a home." "Richard," she replied, "I will come to thee then, or I will go with thee now." The tone was low and the words without haste, but he who heard it felt in his inmost soul that no oath could be stronger. "Thank God and thee," he uttered, and for the first time in their lives each felt the magic meaning of a kiss of love. Full of quiet joy he went home, announced his intended marriage and immediate departure, packed his trunk, and told Mose to have the dearborn ready at six o'clock in the evening to take him to the station. After the five o'clock supper the members of the family maintained almost entire silence, his mother quietly crying, his father reading the "Book of Discipline," his favorite literature. The dearborn drove up with Mose, who had been to the station with the milk, and stopping at the country store, which was also the post-office, had brought a letter for Richard. It was rather unusual for any member of the household to receive a letter, therefore Mose announced it with considerable emphasis, addressing his master by his first name as is the custom in strict families. "Joseph, he's a letter for Richard. Hiram sez it's a letter from York, and 'pears as if it nout be on business.'" Joseph took the letter, and resisting a strong inclination to open it, passed it to his son. It was from the firm in New York to whom he had sent the copy of his picture, and it read: NEW YORK, JAN. 18. — DEAR SIR: We have the gratification of informing you that the study you sent us on sale has attracted the attention of one of our patrons, to whom we have parted with it for \$500. Deducting commission, insurance, delivery, etc., as per inclosed statement, leaves a net bal. of \$372.02, for which find our check herewith. You mention a duplicate of the study yet in your possession. We will take that at the same figure, cash on delivery, and will give you an order for five more studies to be completed within a year. Respectfully, SMILES, WILES & Co. As he read this letter the check fell from his hand on the table. The sight of the colored and stamped paper was too much for his father. Glancing at the large amount, as much as he received for the best wheat crop his farm could raise, he snatched the letter from his son's hand and eagerly read it. Richard stood by in silence. "What does he mean by the duplicate study?" said his father in an uncertain voice. "He means," said Richard quietly, "the picture you threw in the fire this morning." A new light dawned on his father's mind. So long as his son's taste seemed nothing but a time-and-money-wasting form of idleness it had no redeeming features; but the incredible fact that there were people willing to pay hundreds of dollars apiece for such vain images now stood right before him. He was too shrewd to misunderstand it and its results. "Richard," he said, with a softened voice, "I desire that thee would postpone leaving us for a few days. Thy mother and I will accompany thee to the city, and will be present at the ceremony. I think Sibilla's parents will also not refuse to attend." As he went out he said to Mose, who was waiting with the dearborn: "Mose, thee should always be slow to anger, and avoid the committal or rash actions when out of temper."

NEW RELIGION.

A Wortham, Tex., correspondent of the Salt Lake Tribune, says a new sect—the Hoiness Band—is troubling that neighborhood. The leader is Robert J. Hoiness, formerly a Presbyterian preacher, but turned out for wild fanaticism. He then began to preach sanctification and holiness on his own account at Waco, Corsicana and Dallas, Tex. He and his dupes teach sanctification to the point of being as spotless as the Lamb of God. They heal the sick by laying on of hands, have spiritual wives, marry without license, and are not bound more to one woman than another; have visions, and are taken by the jerks and cast on the floor; there they lie prostrate and insensible for hours, then arise and tell of the wonders that have been opened to them; they will never die, but see the Lord with their present eyes. They have neither baptism nor communion. They meet in a tabernacle, where they heal and cast out devils. They have no discipline; the spirit directs them how to act. Some have sold house and lands and deserted all to join the band, husband leaving wife and wife husband.—Memphis Appeal.

COMING STRUGGLE

BETWEEN AUSTRIA AND RUSSIA.

Dispatches from Europe indicate that grave apprehensions are entertained at London, Paris, Berlin and St. Petersburg that war is impending between Russia and Austria. The menacing attitude of Russia leads the more sagacious diplomats to believe that Gen. Skobelev's speeches were indirectly sanctioned by the czar, notwithstanding repeated evasive denials. A gentleman occupying a high position in Washington diplomatic circles, in alluding to the matter, said that if hostilities should once begin between these two powers Germany could not keep out, but would be obliged to protect Austria, while France and the entire Latin confederation would become her allies of Russia. He said he was now fully convinced that Skobelev's secret mission had been fulfilled, and that war, involving all Europe and Russia in Asia, can hardly be avoided. Gen. Skobelev's reception in St. Petersburg indicates no great displeasure of his superiors at his recent utterances, and the fact that Ignatieff is credited with having inspired his speech is made more significant by the merry interview between the two recently. The czar is eager to maintain the friendship of Emperor William, and he has dispatched a special messenger to him, bearing his apology for Skobelev's rashness, but there is no indication of his anxiety to placate the Austrian emperor. It is evident that he seeks the tacit approval, if not the active support of Germany in any conflict in which he may be engaged with the Austrians. In an interview with a correspondent of the London Daily News, Gen. Skobelev plainly declares that Austria has made her first approach in Bosnia to domination over all the Slavs in the Balkan peninsula. He says that Russia will not tolerate the oppression of the Slavs by the Jesuits after having fought to deliver them from the oppression of the Turks. He asserts that war is inevitable if the encroachments of Austria continue, and strict adherence to the letter and spirit of the treaty of Berlin is essential to the preservation of peace. The cry of war excites interest in the comparative strength of the Austrian and Russian armies. The strength of Francis Joseph's army on a peace footing is 232,335 men, but it is estimated that the reserves called out upon the outbreak of war would give him a combined military and naval force of 1,230,000 men, including Austrians, Hungarians and Bosnians. The strength of the czar's army on a peace footing is 715,000 men, but the reserves, including the army of the Caucasus, would increase the force to 2,232,126 men in the event of war, and it is estimated that by calling out every man under 40 years of age he could muster an army of more than 4,000,000 soldiers. It is well known, however, that a large part of his army is needed at home, although the loyalty of the peasants is unquestionable as the enmity of nihilists is fierce. If the Three emperors' league is broken and Austria and Russia engage in a war over the Slavs, a more terrible conflict than that of the Turk and the Muscovite upon the same battlefields may be expected.

PRACTICAL JOKING.

Henry Waters of Youngstown, O., believed in ghosts, and had a peculiar dread of them. His weakness was known to his acquaintances, some of whom planned a practical joke at his expense. They managed to draw the bullets from the revolver which he kept under his pillow, and then, in the night, he awoke to see a white-robed figure standing at the foot of his bed. Although dreadfully frightened, he suspected that it was a joker. Drawing the weapon, he took aim and said: "I shall fire when I count three." The intruder made no response, and Waters pulled the trigger. No impression was made of course, and five more shots were fired. The mock ghost laughed hoarsely, and threw six bullets on the bed as though he had supernaturally caught them. Waters shrieked in terror. Then the ghost threw off his disguise, and the other merry-makers burst into the room to laugh at their victim. But he still gazed fixedly. The shock had made him insane. Three weeks have elapsed without a restoration of his reason, and it is not expected that he will ever recover.

OLD BOSTON HOUSES.

The front room of a dwelling house in Harrison avenue in which Rev. Baron Stow, one of Boston's most noted clergymen, suddenly died, about twenty years ago, is now occupied by two industrious Chinamen. The ancient dwelling house No. 5 Spring lane, in which resided fifty years ago our late respected citizen, John Ashton, is now a cheap eating house. The ancestors of the wealthy Minot family once occupied an adjoining house. The store on Washington street, between Milk street and Spring lane, now occupied by F. M. Keeler and others, was, about fifty years ago, the scene of a sad and romantic tragedy. A young man employed in the store was engaged to a daughter of his employer but the course of true love did not run smooth, and, her parents refusing to recognize him as a suitor, the youthful couple repaired to the store one night, and the next morning both were discovered suspended from a rope connected with the fall, dead. It was the sensation of the day in Boston at that time.—Cov. Western paper.

TREATMENT OF PENETRATING WOUNDS.

Penetrating wounds of a slight character arise from the incautious use of some common articles of domestic use, such as an ordinary sewing needle, a crochet-needle, or a fish-hook. The ordinary needle, if buried beneath the skin of the hand or other part, may be readily extracted if so placed that both ends can be felt. In that case it is only necessary to press the end nearest the surface through the skin, and it can be easily withdrawn. If, however, as more frequently happens, only one end can be felt, and it is uncertain what length of steel is in the tissues, attempts to force the needle out lead generally to its being buried deeper; and it is better, therefore, to have recourse to medical advice at once. In order that the surgeon may, if he think it advisable, at once cut down upon the foreign body. Operations of this kind, though apparently trivial, should never be undertaken by amateurs, since the hand is too important an organ to be cut into lightly by one unacquainted with its anatomy; and, besides, there is usually no great urgency in the case, and the needle may very well be left until, in process of time, it makes its way to the surface, as it is pretty sure to do. Crochet-needles are more difficult to manage than ordinary needles, owing to the hook at one end. If merely driven accidentally into the skin, the wound may be cautiously enlarged with a lancet or sharp and clean penknife, so as to allow of the withdrawal of the barb; but if deeply imbedded in a finger, or, as has happened, in the tongue of a child, it will be necessary to push the point through in order to cut the hook off with a pair of wire pliers, and for this medical assistance should, if possible, be obtained. Fish-hooks are to be treated on a similar plan, except that the disciple of Walton, being generally alone and at a distance from all surgical aid when the accident happens, must be content to cut the line from the mischievous hook, and having forced the barb through the nearest point of skin, should withdraw the hook through the wound thus made.—Family Physician.

STRANGE NOTIONS.

The miners of the West represent a strange conglomeration of men. The English, Welsh and Germans brought all of the old world superstitions with them, and found themselves among a class of men in the Mexican camps who could equal them and in some cases surpass them. The Mexicans draw their tales from two sources. Their own Spanish forefathers, and the Aztecs and Toltecs, found in the country when their forefathers conquered it. Strange are the beliefs and stories that have grown out of the union of these superstitious elements. Things are lucky or unlucky because possibly some worker in the Hartz said so 500 years ago, or some old Toltec had a fit of nightmare at an equally remote period. One of the most commonly believed tales is that of the "Step Devil." The men tell you that in some of the oldest mines there is an evil spirit which takes the form of a deformed dwarf. A peculiarity about him is that he has immensely long arms—arms so long that he can take off his sandals without stooping. This dwarf, when there is any danger in the mine, such as a cave, goes up the ladders, lifting himself by his arms, with his legs hanging free. As he passes each rung he kicks or stamps it out of the side pieces, so that the men when they attempt to fly find themselves climbing out of the mine destroyed. In very old mines, which were worked by the Indians, there were no ladders but in their place trunks of trees in which notches had been cut, and the Indians climbed by inserting the big toes in the notches. When the Indians tell you of the "Step Devil" they say that he has on each big toe an enormous nail, and that as he climbs the tree trunk he uses this to gouge the notch out by splitting off the part on which the toe rests. The story is evidently an Indian one, although altered by the Mexicans to suit the change in the means of going up the shaft.

NOVEL SWINDLE.

Col. Parker, chief of post-office inspectors, has been informed of the arrest of R. S. Scudder at Burlington, Ia., for practicing a fraud through the mails. The special agent who made the arrest says Scudder sent out circulars calling for money to be used in the defense of Guiteau. He claimed in the circulars that Guiteau had been but a tool in the hands of a political ring, and that if money enough was forthcoming this fact could be proved, and would lead to the downfall of the party dominant in the government. The circulars were signed with an assumed name, and the money received was appropriated by Scudder to his own use. He was put under bonds for trial by a United States commissioner.

ANCIENT FARMS.

We talk a great deal about the large farms of this century and country, but some of the people of ancient days had pretty good-sized estates. For instance, a contemporary mentions the case of Ninus, who inherited from his father, Nimrod, a farm as big as a good-sized western state, with 120,000 cattle, 14,000 slaves, and about 300,000,000 as working capital, all of which he doubled before his death. Cyrus, the king of Persia, had at one time 30,000 horses, 40,000 cattle, 300,000 sheep, 15,000 asses, and 25,000 slaves, and three thousand million dollars spare cash besides.

INTERESTING CAVE.

The great cave lately discovered here has been visited by a multitude of people from various points of the United States. We think that Leitchfield is destined to become the great "Mecca" of the world—for the Masonic fraternity, and scientists generally. For the last two weeks no one has been admitted to the cave except upon presenting a written permit from Mr. Rogers, and those who have been fortunate enough to obtain admission have been principally scientists from abroad, who journeyed here to see the great wonder for themselves. It was necessary to take this step, as the cave was rapidly being despoiled of its contents. Indeed, several of the mummies and some of the smaller Masonic emblems were carried off before Mr. Rogers—or, in fact, any one of our citizens—realized the importance of the discovery, and of preserving the contents of the cave intact. The subterranean river has been so swollen from the excessive rains of the last month that no explorations have been made in the avenues beyond it. Excavations have been made, however, in the chambers or catacombs where the mummies and Masonic emblems were found, and in the vicinity of the pyramid, and several tablets with queer hieroglyphs have been dug up, also some bronze and copper vases, and pieces of pottery. A mound was opened and found to contain six well-preserved mummies, reposing in regular order with feet radiating from the center.

In the discovery of this cave the key is undoubtedly found that will unlock the mystery of the pre-historic race of America, and also prove their identity with the ancient Egyptian race, who undoubtedly crossed over and peopled this continent, built temples, and flourished in a high degree of civilization until wiped out of existence by the ruthless hand of the savage. The caves of Kentucky undoubtedly afforded them shelter and protection, and were used as a sort of catacomb for the storage of all that was near and dear to them, including their illustrious dead. Such at least seems to have been the case in this instance, whether this theory will apply to the other caves of Kentucky or not.

Many beautiful formations have been discovered during the past few days. The stalactites and stalagmites glisten like so many million diamonds. The pillars and columns of alabaster are beautiful beyond description, and its wonders will have to be seen to be fully appreciated.—Grayson, Ky., Advocate.

AN UNHEALTHY BUSINESS.

Few workshops are as unhealthy as the telegraph offices of our large cities. The ventilation is imperfect; fifty persons are breathing an atmosphere that should sustain but ten. There is a draft from an open window on one side and the heat from a hot stove on the other, or an artificial heat from pipes that smell not sweetly. Why, slumily to sit in such a room and have no duty to perform but to twist your thumbs and take your ease, sows in your system the seeds of disease and death! And to work there, to bend over your desk to catch the mystic click of the instrument as it tells its ever changing story; to double up your chest and contract your lungs; to keep every nerve at its highest tension; to have your brain power concentrated on the last word you have written or the one that is coming; to have your mental faculties all narrowed down to the business before you, and yet be unable to follow one thread of thought for two consecutive moments, but to jump from one to the other as new words suggest them—this is making of the mind and the body less than the Creator intended it for—a machine that is running under such high pressure that it must necessarily collapse years before, in the ordinary course of nature, its usefulness should cease!—The Operator.

"SAVED HIS BACON"

A surveyor who was running township lines in a new county in the state last fall was engaged by a farmer to survey the line between his farm and that of a neighbor. They had a line fence, but had engaged in several disputes as to whether it was on the divide. The surveyor was making preparations when the owner of the other farm approached and inquired: "What are you going to do now?" "Find the exact line," was the reply. At this the man wheeled and went off on the gallop, and he was seen no more until the line had been run. The surveyor and the first-named farmer had just completed the work when the other came up to within ten feet of them and asked: "Well, have you got through?" "Yes; all through." "And is the fence a foot on his farm?" "No; he has two feet of yours, and the fence must be moved so that you can have it." The man sprang upon a stump, faced a thicket about five rods away, and yelled out: "You there—Reuben and James and Samuel! The survey is made and we are all right! You kin shoulder them shotguns and go back to the sawmill, and if you meet the old woman coming with the pitchfork, you kin tell her to turn back and git up a squar' dinner for the surveyor!" She told him she could read his mind like an open book, and then softly added "Blank book."

PRACTICAL FOLKS.

Within a brief period it has become the custom to advertise or to paint on signs, "Practical Plumber," "Practical Tailor," etc., and the everyday passer-by thinks: "Ah, there is a man after my own heart! Inexpensive, undoubtedly, and sound common sense too. None of your theorists!" The "Practical Plumber" is tried, and proves usually a man wholly ignorant, not only of engineering but of sanitary principles in general, who has less knowledge even than his employer of what laws govern the passage of fluids and gasses, and whose bill, though it may be less than that of the trained sanitary engineer, has very speedily to be duplicated in another examination of the same ground. The "Practical Tailor" sends home a coat, bulging as to the seams and ripping in unexpected places, and two are required where one of perfect workmanship would have remained presentable to the last. In time it becomes evident that the only truly practical work is done by the man who has the theory also at his fingers' ends, and who does a piece of work in a certain way, not because his father or master did, but because it is the truest and most scientific way. Inevitably training tells, and the householder is surprised to find how many hints he can give the workman supposed to know his business, but really at the mercy of traditions and incapable of originating a method or meeting a sudden emergency. And so with the "Practical Cook," who nine times out of ten proves to be a hazy-handed mixer of unpalatable messes, savories when flavor is wanted, and overloaded where it is not; each craft having thus demonstrated the necessity of theory as a foundation. A practical dinner is the dinner that meets most perfectly the need engendered by occupation, climate and constitution. The man who labors with his hands demands a very different regimen from the one who uses only his brain, but the brain-worker, if given access to some outdoor exercise, reverts somewhat to the condition of the handworker and can assimilate heartier food. It is, however, a matter somewhat of quantities rather than qualities, the brain-worker needing only a small portion where the laborer must double or treble it. Another question involved is that of means; and it becomes a difficult matter to give a bill of fare which shall satisfy the rich yet be within the means of the middle class. And it is doubly difficult where the writer of such a bill of fare is convinced that as a people we eat too much, and that our lavish food supply is a constant temptation to over-indulgence. IN RUM'S GRIP. PATHETIC STORY OF A HORSE THIEF. In the court of general sessions at Staten Island, N. Y., an intelligent-looking young man, named James Lang, pleaded guilty to an indictment for horse-stealing. On the usual question being asked as to what he had to urge against sentence being passed, the young man came to the rail and said: "Your honor, I am the victim of circumstances. I plead guilty to this indictment because the circumstances seem so much against me that it would be impossible for me to establish my innocence. I am a stranger here—have neither friend nor money. Nevertheless I am a man who has worked since ever I was able for my living. I am a painter by trade and came here to work some months ago. I became ill, but did not give up. I crawled to my business day after day until finally I was obliged to stop. I had a few dollars in my pocket one day, and hired this horse, intending to take a drive by order of my medical adviser. While out I stepped into a bar-room, became intoxicated, and the horse was stolen. I never stole it. I intended to return it, and now I have no alternative but to plead guilty and to ask the court to extend some clemency to me. I am still a young man. Rum has been my ruin, but I never stole anything. If the court will deal leniently with me I expect to become a good member of society." "Have you ever been arrested before?" asked County Judge Stephens. "Once before," replied the young man. "I was indicted in New York for an offense I never committed. I could not establish my innocence, and the district attorney believed me to be guilty. He was anxious to hurry up the business of the court, and he intimated that if I pleaded guilty I would get off with a light punishment. I should not have done so, but, friendless and poor, what could I do? In a moment of weakness I yielded and was condemned to ten years' hard labor. In a very short time the real thief died on Blackwell's Island, and before dying made a confession exculpating me. Gov. Cornell immediately pardoned me. Those circumstances are all against me. I have been sorely tempted and tried, but am an honest man and hope the court will show me mercy."

Wires.
"A good wife gear enow,
An ill wife is an ill fate."
—Scott Proctor.

Oh be that gets a good, good wife,
Gets gold enough and to spare;
And he that gets an ill, ill wife,
May make and may stay to be bare.
For a man may seek of a wife he weds,
"Can I be rich? May I be great?"
And he that mates with an evil wife,
He mates with an evil fate.

For a man may spend, and have to the end,
If his wife on his fortune wait,
He may give to the poor and help a friend,
And may still grow rich and great.
But a man may spare and still be bare,
He may talk through smooth and rough,
If his wife be taught, ill-nick is caught,
He never will have enough.

Oh a man that gets a good, good wife,
Has pleasure enough and to spare;
Outside his life may be full of strife,
May be full of trouble and care,
But his heart can sing—"At home I'm king,
At home there is pleasure and rest,
I've a wife to bid at my own desire,
And her love, of all loves, is best."

But a man who gets an ill, ill wife,
Gets trouble of every kind;
He's a weary part, and a hopeless heart,
And prosperity's hard to find.
There's a better day in his sweetest cup,
In his joy there is a pain,
And though all his strife for a broader life,
He works like a man in a chain.

Don't marry for beauty, don't marry for gold
And on nobody else depend;
For your own life, you choose a wife,
And for your own home, a friend,
And he that gets a good, good wife,
May ease be rich and great,
While he that mates with an evil wife,
Mates life with an evil fate.

ONLY A HUCKSTER.

"Three yellow crooknecks and a peck of pears," said Miss Bella Balsamapple, smoothing down a stray wrinkle in her jauntily-ruffled flannel apron, as she handed up her wicker-basket to the broad-shouldered, brown young farmer who brought into Crabrore each morning the village supplies of fresh fruit and vegetables.

"Yes, miss—all right," was the brisk reply, as he executed the order with much alacrity; "and better crooknecks you never cooked, I'll bet a cabbage. I knew you'd be wanting crooknecks of a Saturday, and I picked out the three sweetest I could find and saved 'em particularly for you. And the pears—well, I could have sold every last one away back here, but thinking you might want some, I wouldn't let 'em go for lover's money."

Miss Balsamapple grew very rosy and smiled a sparkling little smile away back in the shadow of her provocingly deep sunbonnet; and the roses under its crimped frills grew very deep, indeed, as upon lifting her basket down she discovered a great bunch of yellow and white and purple chrysanthemums nestled amid the crooknecks and pears.

"You've dropped your flowers into my basket, sir," said Miss Bella, innocently, scooping them out and holding them up before him.

The young farmer looked guilty of having committed a highway robbery at the very least.

"I—I—they—I just kind of pitched 'em in for good measure," he stammered. "I wanted to get rid of 'em; there's such an overabundance at home. Do keep 'em, please."

He gave the lines a twitch and rattled off without waiting for her to release.

So Miss Bella, finding herself left in the lurch with the flowers on her hands, carried them into the house to the disgust of Miss Aurora Balsamapple—a tall, skim-milk blonde, in a blue calico wrapper, who had witnessed the proceeding from the window, and was much scandalized thereby.

"I'm shocked at you, Bella," she remarked, in a tone of personal injury, "for keeping them a minute!"

"I couldn't help it," answered Bella, "unless I had shed them at his back; and then they would only have fallen in the mud."

"No killing matter if they did," said Miss Aurora; "and you better take my advice and fling them out there now."

"I won't!" said Bella, flatly; and Miss Aurora, being well acquainted with her sister's characteristics, shrugged her shoulders and said no more, but revenged herself by being so exasperatingly silly that Bella, after a few ineffectual efforts to establish harmony, found it necessary for the sake of her nerves to make an errand to a neighbor's.

Miss Aurora, taking deeper and more deadly vengeance for this declining to cook any dinner in Bella's absence, was lurching on pickles and cold herrings in the kitchen, when her sister popped in, in much excitement, with her bonnet-cape floating wildly in air like a pink banner.

"What do you reckon, sis?" cried the young lady, gleefully. "He was there! and Mrs. White introduced us. He's a friend of the family, and his name's Robin Russet; and Mrs. White says a better or steadier or good-temperer young man never lived. He's got a farm and a lovely orchard, and is really intelligent, and Mrs. White thinks lots of him, and says—"

"If you'll just have the goodness," interrupted Miss Aurora, impressively emphasizing her words with a herring, "to explain what under the sun you're talking about, I will be extremely enlightened and much obliged."

"Why, he—him," said Bella, "that sells the crooknecks and things, and gave me the flowers."

"The huckster!" shrieked Miss Aurora, dropping a pickled onion to clasp her hands tragically.

"He ain't a huckster! And I don't care if he is," asserted Bella, with astonishing logic, "he's nice"

"Oh, Bella—Bella!" mourned Aurora, "that the pride of the Balsamapples should have fallen so low as this!"

"But the pride of the Balsamapples!" cried Bella, stamping her foot. "Who are the Balsamapples that they should tower above everybody that's as good and as smart as they are? Selling crooknecks ain't a sin! The Balsamapples haven't got any sense, and I won't be a Balsamapple a minute longer than I can help. Now!"

"And, oh, what will Cousin Amasa think when he comes to Crabrore," continued Aurora, despairingly, "and one of his relations losing her head about a man that peddles crooknecks? These rich old fellows are always so ultra-fastidious! It'll spoil all my chances."

Aurora flung her herring into a corner and burst into tears.

"Dear sakes! Don't cry, honey!" said Bella, who was soft-hearted, with all her faults. "It won't matter a pin. Cousin Amasa is too distant a relation to build hopes on, if we wanted to. He's got lots of kinsfolks nearer than we are—nephews and nieces, and things we never even heard of. Not likely he'd leave us anything, anyway."

"Bella Balsamapple, are you a dunce?" asked Aurora, sharply. "Who expects a forty-second cousin to leave them anything on that account? Cousin Amasa hasn't any wife. Now do you understand?"

"Oh," said Bella, with a little jump, "that's the game, is it? But how do you know you'll like him, Ro? You never saw him."

"I'm mighty certain to like his bank account," answered Aurora; "and that's the point just now. And I could help you to a good settlement, too, if you wouldn't encourage this—"

"I will!" cried Bella, before her sister could pronounce the objectionable "huckster." "I don't want any settlement. I've liked him ever since we first bought things of him, and I know he likes me. And now that we've been introduced, he's coming to see me; and he's a gentleman, and I wouldn't treat him mean for all the Cousin Amasas that could be raked up, if they were so rich they couldn't walk straight."

In evidence of the platform she had chosen Bella appeared the following week at the Crabrore church festival in the company of Mr. Robin Russet.

"Entirely against my wishes," confided Miss Aurora Balsamapple, to her friend, Miss Cynthia Dumps. "I very much disapprove of Mr. Robin Russet, and I must say I think he's a presuming, bad-mannered creature!"

"What, ma'am—what?" exclaimed a fussy-looking old gentleman, with red whiskers and snapping little black eyes, who, being immediately behind the two ladies, had overheard the remark. "You're very free with your tongue, ma'am—outrageously so. Do you know Mr. Robin Russet is my nephew, ma'am?"

Miss Balsamapple scrutinized the peppery interrogator with critical calmness.

"Sir," she replied, "I did not know whether the gentleman in question was your nephew or not; and permit me to add, I didn't in the least care. Still further, allow me to remark that you have no manners whatever—that you are a ridiculous old goose, and your nephew probably resembles you!"

"Ma'am—what?" began the old gentleman, almost strangling in his fury.

But Aurora swept away in calm disdain, and left him floundering in a storm of wrath.

"My dear," said Mrs. White, sailing down on her as she passed that lady's stand, "isn't Bella the sweetest little piece ever born? Here she is snugly engaged to R. B. Russet, and the rest of the girls are going wild because they've just discovered that he's got a terrifically rich old uncle, who arrived the other day from some mysterious place. I met him once. I'll introduce you if I find him—oh, here he is! Mr. Amasa Higginbotham—Miss Balsamapple."

Aurora took a glance at him and turned pale. Cousin Amasa and his peppery old gentleman were all one. He appeared to have recovered his temper and was chuckling quite jovially.

"I—I'm sure, Cousin Amasa," began Aurora, with sweet, womanly meekness, "you won't mind what I said to you? You know—"

"Not at all—not at all!" interrupted the old gentleman, with a chuckle.

"It's all right, cousin."

"And you know I wouldn't have said a word against Mr. Russet if I had known he was your nephew. I only—"

"Of course not—of course not!" chuckled Cousin Amasa. "How could you know a man that worked for a living wasn't a villain? Quite pardonable, I assure you. But Bob Russet's got to earn his living while he's young. Don't hurt these young fellows to work—the making of 'em! But don't feel at all uneasy about Bella's future, Cousin Aurora, I shall leave all my property—every nickel—to Rob, at last. For, of course, I ain't such an old fool as ever to get married myself."

The old gentleman chuckled more than ever as he walked off.

And Aurora felt that she would have sacrificed her new silk umbrella cheerfully if she could have smashed it on Cousin Amasa's head.

The ten plagues of a newspaper are: botes, poets, cranks, rats, cockroaches, typographical errors, exchange fiends, book canvassers, delinquent subscribers and the man who always knows how to run the paper better than the editor does himself.—New York Commercial.

A STORY
TOLD IN THE MODERN STYLE.

It is a beautiful legend of the Norse Land, Amilias was the village blacksmith, and under the spreading chestnut tree in his village smithy stood. He was the hot iron hammer and the hammer for fifty cents all round place. He made tin helmets for the gnomes and stove-pipe trousers for the heroes. Mimir was a rival blacksmith. He didn't go in very much for defensive armor, but he was lightning on two-edged besjords and cut and slash swordsmen. He made cheese-knives for the other gnomes, and he made the great Bjvestensen and Arkansaw toothpick that would make a fine incision clear into the transverse semi-circumference of a cast iron Ishiyossaurus, and never turn its edge. That was the kind of a Bjvestensen Mimir he said he was.

One day Amilias made an impenetrable suit of armor for a second-class ghjodd, and put it on himself to test it, and boastfully inserted a card in the "Svenska Norderb jranvick jkanaheld-espjdestenkorodornuakn," saying that he was wearing a suit of home-made, best chilled Norway morino underwear that would knock the unnumbered saw teeth in the pot-metal cutlery of the iron-mongery over the way. That Amilias remarked to his friend Bjorn Bjornsen, was the kind of a Bjvestensen he was.

When Mimir spelled out the card next morning, he said "Bijji!" and went to work with a charcoal furnace, a cold anvil, and A. T. Hay's isomorphous process, and in a little while he came down street with a sjvaard that glittered like a dollar store diamond, and met Amilias down by the new opera house. Amilias buttoned on his new armor and said:

"If you have no heretofore use for your old chryseas-knife, strike."

Mimir spat on his hands, whirled his sjvaard above his head and fetched Amilias a swipe that seemed to miss everything except the empty air through which it softly whistled. Amilias smiled and said, "Go on," adding, that it "seemed to him he felt a general sense of cold iron somewhere in the neighborhood, but he hadn't been hit."

"Shake yourself," said Mimir.

Amilias shook himself, and immediately fell into halves, the most neatly divided man that ever went beside himself.

"That's where the boiler maker was away off in his diagnosis," said Mimir, as he went back to his shop to put up the price of cutlery sixty-five per cent. on all lines, with an unlimited advance on special orders.

Thus do we learn that a good action is never thrown away, and that kind words and patient love will overcome the hardest nature.—Huckeye.

MEET ME IN THE MORNING.

He had been absent a year, the youngest pupil at a boys' school, and now his mother was expecting him every day, and she went about proud and happy, telling her friends of the improvement in his studies, and always ending with his being such a good boy. Then comes a telegram from Willie himself, the first real message he has ever sent—how funny it seemed—from that baby—and there was just this simple form, "Meet me in the morning." His mother went about all day with it in her hand, reading it over as if it had been in the child's own handwriting. Then she smiled to herself as she passed it carefully in a scrap-book, while somebody suggested framing it to hang over the mantel. But all the friends loved Willie; he was the only son of his mother, and she was a widow—and he did not come in the morning! There came instead the dread news of his hasty illness, and his mother hurried to her darling boy, but it was too late; The despoiler had done his work—he was breathing out his little life in the sleep from which he never would fully awaken here. Only once, toward the last, he unclosed his eyes swiftly and saw the dear mother's face bending over him, and murmured, with dry, husky lips, "Meet me in the morning, mamma." Dear boy! it is morning with him always—the morning light of fairer than Italian skies—while we yet grope among the shadows. But by-and-by

We shall go home at evening
And find it morning there.
—Detroit Free Press

KINGLY PRESENCE.

His personal appearance, his voice and manner, then, as always, greatly enhanced the effect of everything he said. The slender boy, unit for the labor of the farm, had developed into a man of large and commanding presence. Mr. Webster was less than six feet in height, yet every artist has portrayed him as of almost heroic stature. The fact was that he impressed those who saw and heard him as of gigantic mold. A Liverpool navy is said to have pointed at him on the street, and cried out, "There goes a king!" and Carlyle is said to have reported that he looked like "a walking cathedral." His head was very large, of fine shape, and with a most noble brow, beneath which great eyes looked out full of dusky light when in repose, and glowing like fires when he was excited. His massive features, black hair and swarthy complexion, together with a manner extremely grand and solemn, all contributed to render him impressive to an extraordinary degree. His voice was one of great richness and compass, in its highest pitch never shrill, but penetrating to the lowest corner of hall or senate-chamber, and in the open air to the very outskirts of a vast crowd.—Atlantic Monthly.

SINGULAR RECOVERY.

A young man of Providence, R. I., and well known, wears a handsome cluster diamond pin, valued somewhere about \$700. A few nights since he arrived at his home late, and hurriedly undressing threw his shirt carelessly on the floor, with the valuable pin in the bosom, and retired. The next morning when he came to don his shirt the pin was gone, and the strictest search for it was unrewarded with success. It happened that there was about the house a hen—a sitting hen, kept in the house on account of her occupation—and the thought occurred to the father that perhaps the pin had become detached from the garment when it was thrown down, and the hen, in her wanderings, might have been attracted by this shining valuable, and gobbled it down. He had a great mind to kill the hen then and there to investigate, but he didn't want to, as if he did the eggs would be no good; so for a couple of days the hen was kept close, not allowed to go out of the house, and closely watched in the hope of finding the missing diamonds. But no pin was found. Finally, on or about the third day, it was decided to kill the hen, when, sure enough, in the gizzard was found the missing pin. The gold setting was bent and scratched and one of the smaller diamonds was missing, but four of the diamonds were all right.

CHANGED HIS MIND.

"Mr. Blank," began a citizen as he entered an office near the city hall, "just one year ago to day I came in here and called you a liar. I believed what I said, and for a year we have not spoken to each other. Within a week past I have found out that I was mistaken, and I now apologize for my harsh words and express my sorrow that I was ever led to indulge in such language."

"Mr. G.," replied the other, as he extended his hand, "your frankness begets frankness. During the last year but one you and I were friends. You borrowed upward of seventy dollars of me in small sums, and never repaid a dollar. This last year we have been enemies, and I am afraid financially. While I may long to forgive you, I must look out for the interests of my growing family. Let us compromise by nodding to each other in Sunday-school, paying our own way outside." "Sir, I shall never nod to you in Sunday-school or elsewhere!" said Mr. G., and he walked out as stiff as a ramrod and left the door wide open.—Detroit Free Press.

MUSICAL FISH.

A writer in *Notes and Queries* says: The boatmen of the Danube arch across and keep tense upon strong stretchers hung with gongs (little bells or jingles), a clanging net, and so sing in a great number of fish by the tinkling of these bells. Rondolet, the famous naturalist, gives a romantic instance of the fondness of music of fishes.

When staying at Vichy he took a walk with some friends in quest of alosa, along the banks of the Allier, with violin in hand, ready for a serenade. The air was still, the moon and stars shining brilliantly.

When the party had come to a favorable spot for the operation a net was carefully drawn across the stream, while the violinist, putting the instrument to his chin, struck up a lively waltz. A wonderful effect ensued. Scarcely had he drawn his bow when the sleeping surface of the waters began to move, alosa backs appeared rippling the silvery expanse, and after a few strokes a party of fish might be seen rising and leaping in the water.

GOOD WOMAN.

Her Highness Kudsia Begum, an Indian princess of abnormally charitable disposition, lately died at Bhopal so deeply regretted that all the shops in the city were closed and no business was transacted for three days. Many hundreds of persons were the recipients of monthly stipends from this kind woman, who did not confine her benefits to human beings only. She took the greatest pleasure in feeding the sparrows which roosted about her palace, and the cats and stray dogs also came in for a share of attention, the latter being fed regularly at the cook-house. A short time ago a number of swallows, finding that the doorway of her bath afforded a good place for the construction of their nests, speedily utilized the place for that purpose, and the princess, observing this, left off using the bath so as not to disturb the little creatures.

POWER OF MUSIC.

At a little musical party, the amateur singers being called on, sang some difficult operatic passage. Miss Adelaide Phillips was then asked, and seating herself at the piano sang "Kathleen Mavourneen" with such thrilling sweetness that the young Irish girl setting the table in the next room forgot all her plates and teaspoons, threw herself into a chair, put an apron over her face and sobbed as if her heart would break. All the training of Adelaide Phillips—her magnificent voice, her stage experience, her skill in effects—went into the performance of that simple song. The greater included the less. And thus all the intellectual and practical training that any woman can have, all her public action and active career, will make her if she be a true woman, more admirable as a wife, a mother, a friend.—T. W. Higginson.

Customer: "You say that those figures are life-size? My dear sir, they seem very small." Artist: "Perfectly correct, sir. You know 'life is short.'"

What we understand by the hibernation of animals ought not, strictly speaking, to be called hibernation, since it is precisely analogous to that which is common in tropical countries during seasons of intense heat. The Germans call one "winter sleep," and the other "summer sleep." There seems to be no essential difference between the two states; nor is there, in the opinion of most authorities, any difference between the ordinary sleep of an animal and its long winter sleep, except that the latter is more profound. It is a popular mistake to suppose that the winter sleep of animals is due to extreme cold, since, as a matter of fact, almost all hibernating creatures go to sleep before the extreme cold of winter sets in. Besides, as has been said, a precisely similar phenomenon is met with in the torrid regions of the earth. Mr. Darwin, in his journal, says: "When we first arrived at Bahia Blanca, September 7, we thought nature had granted scarcely a living creature to this sandy and dry country. By digging in the ground, however, several insects, large spiders and lizards were found in a half torpid state. On the 15th a few animals began to appear, and by the 18th, three days from the equinox, everything announced the commencement of spring. The birds began to lay their eggs, numerous insects were crawling about, while the lizard tribe, the constant inhabitants of a sandy soil, darted in every direction." "It is well known," adds the same writer, "that within the tropics the hibernation, or, more properly, aestivation of animals is governed by the time of drought."

BOUNCING FISH.

In natural history, and one which has commanded marked attention from ichthyologists and scientists, is the ikam buntal (Tetroodon solandri), or bouncing fish. It is numerous on the coast of Borneo, and common to the waters in Sarawak. It is very poisonous, and its bite is fatal.

The appearance of one of these strange fish on the beach put to flight a great body of natives. It is a repulsive-looking object, its body being flaccid, and covered with short, flexible spines, which stand erect when the fish is angered. It has brilliant, restless, snake-like eyes, and sharp, formidable, saw-like teeth. When irritated, it will inflate itself to prodigious size, and emit a loud, whistling sound, similar to the whip-poorwill.

It goes bounding about on the ground like an Indian rubber ball, and can float at ease upon the surface of the water. It makes a vigorous resistance when attacked, and the loud whistling will attract others, who will come to the assistance of their neighbor.

Some years ago thirteen persons were fatally poisoned after eating of the roe of this singular fish. The tongue was white and mottled in those who died, and the mouth exhibited a strange bluish tint. Death resulted in twenty minutes after eating of the fish.

There is a superstition that the Malays and Dyaks can eat this dangerous and curious marine "death-shadow," as the sailors call it, with impunity, by cooking it with a certain kind of plant, which absorbs and neutralizes the poison, and thereby counteracts its deadly effects upon the system.

SOMETHING NEW.

An exchange gives the following statement of an orchard successfully pastured by sheep and hogs: The orchard occupies thirty-two acres and is made the run of thirty hogs and one hundred and fifty or two hundred sheep and lambs during the summer. Enough grain and bran are given them to place them in good condition. They eat every blade of grass and green things close down and every fallen apple as soon as dropped, for which purpose sheep are better than hogs, which sleep so soundly as not to hear an apple fall, but sheep are always on hand and devour everything as soon as it touches the ground. The fruit each year grows finer, with fewer worming specimens, and the manure, from feeding so much grain, has given a healthy growth to the trees. To prevent the animal from gnawing the bark the trunk is washed over once a month with a mixture of soap suds, whale oil and sheep manure. If the animals are given a constant supply of fresh water they have less disposition to eat the bark. The profits of this treatment consist in placing the sheep in the best condition, in finely growing lambs and in heavy crops of fruit for market.

SCIENTIFIC NOTES.

Man has a million more red corpuscles in a cubic millimeter of blood than woman.

In ordinary rainfalls the rain comes down at the rate of from two to four inches a day.

A Philadelphia engineer claims to have invented a machine by which the power of the tides can be utilized.

Two Leipzig chemists have devised a process for obtaining sugar in a permanently liquid form. This result is said to be effected by adding to a purified sugar solution a small quantity of citric acid, which combines with the sugar and deprives it of its tendency to crystallize.

An exhibition of the arts and industries of Bavaria will be held at Nuremberg next year, and vigorous preparations are being made in the way of building. Already contributors to the number of 1,702 have promised to assist, and the whole affair is to be on the grandest scale.

CURRENT ITEMS.

Upon the basis of a German statistician's estimate that the service of every man that leaves his country is worth \$1,000, the emigration from the fatherland last year added \$600,000,000 to the wealth of the United States.

An outbreak of the Hindoos against British rule in Nepal, a small State in the northeastern part of Hindoostan and just south of the Himalaya mountains, has just been put down in a summary manner. Twenty-one military officers of native troops were summarily executed, and a large number of the most influential Nepalese were at once arrested.

From a circular just issued by the secretary of the Miners' National Union it appears that 31,000 persons have been killed in various ways during the past thirty-one years in English mines. "Our modernized mode of working mines," writes the secretary, "is rendering catastrophes of this kind of a huge magnitude. Something needs to be done, and if it be done it must be by legislative enactments. To do this there must be an active trade organization, seeking and trying to enforce necessary changes in the law."

William H. Taft, the son of ex-Judge Taft, who has been appointed collector of revenue at Cincinnati, is only twenty-four years of age. He was graduated at Yale in 1878, where he was the best boxer, the best "rusher" and the most popular man in his class, as well as the class orator and salutatorian. He was graduated from the Cincinnati law school in 1880, standing first. He then began the practice of his profession, and was appointed assistant prosecuting attorney of Hamilton county. He was also the law reporter of the *Cincinnati Times* for about a year. He weighs 225 pounds, and is about five feet, eleven inches in height.

Underwood's Counterfeit Detector announces the appearance of a photographic counterfeit silver certificate of the denomination of twenty dollars, reported from Missouri—No. 675,114. The counterfeit is much paler than the genuine. The Detector says: We warn our subscribers to examine all silver certificates with great care, as the photographic process now having been adopted in the production of counterfeit notes, no doubt many counterfeit bills will be put into circulation. The arrest of a man in Memphis, Tennessee, with \$390 in counterfeit silver certificates of the denomination of ten and twenty dollars in his possession, has been reported at the secret service of New in Washington.

The Farallone Islands are about thirty miles from the mouth of San Francisco bay, and they are the home of innumerable sea fowls. When San Francisco first began to be a city, its constant cry was for eggs. To supply the lack of eggs, the project of stealing those of the gulls and the mums of the Farallone islands was undertaken, and it proved successful and has ever since been maintained. The birds are too plentiful to count or to estimate, as may be inferred from the fact that the egg gatherers bring in often or used to gather 500 dozen in a day; and a great many of the nests are inaccessible, while a great many others are devastated by the rivalry of the birds. The egg season is from May to August, and, if even 400 dozen is the rate, the harvest would be pretty near 500,000 eggs. The quarreling between the gulls and the mums causes the loss of a good many mums' eggs, which the gulls at every chance destroy. The egg business is conducted by a company, which has the right. It pays egg gatherers five cents a dozen, and sells them in San Francisco at a considerable advance.

As an advertisement of the whale which he was exhibiting, a St. Louis showman sent a man up in a balloon with a quantity of handbills which he was to distribute in his flight from the trapeze upon which he sat. Everything went right until the aeronaut was many hundred feet above the earth, when suddenly everything went wrong. The balloons began to fall with great rapidity, to the horror of the spectators and to the terror of the aeronaut, who was seen to be desperately jumping about among the ropes. His judgment did not quite desert him, however, and when the balloon was within a few feet of the house-tops he sprang from the trapeze upon the roof of a high building and threw his arms around a chimney beside which he alighted. He was not injured, and the whale was undoubtedly well advertised.

The United States Economist sounds this note of alarm concerning the timber supply. The now well known fact is that we are rapidly exhausting, largely by reckless and improvident waste, our supplies of timber in the Northern States. The demand for it increases at the rate of thirty per cent. a year, and even those who are interested in high prices and immediate sales of what is left of it admit that in twenty years or sooner building timber will be extremely scarce, and that in many parts of the country, yet supplied in part from their own soil, it will have entirely disappeared. It is stated on good authority that more than 65,000 establishments, employing 400,000 persons, and using material to the value of over \$350,000,000 a year, are engaged in the United States in manufacturing articles entirely from wood, in addition to 8,000,000 persons partly employed on wood or using that material yearly to the value of \$6,000,000. No country can be or ever has been so completely dependent on the forest as we are.

ORIBPAGE.

Columbus made the egg stand, but Italians of less renown have made the peanut stand.

Sweet Evelins, from the suffocating embrace of her lover, cries out: "Give me liberty or give me breath!"

A North of England parson speaks of a young farmer who ran "rapidly through his property." His property was an open field. He wore a red shirt and a bull was in the wake of the young farmer.

A man who detected a piece of bark in his sausage visited the butcher's shop to know what had become of the rest of the dog. The butcher was so affected that he could give him only a part of the tale.

The speaker had failed to awaken a very deep interest in his hearers, but when the small boy had stolen quietly out after leaving red pepper on the stove there wasn't a dry eye in the house.

Scene—A tailor's shop. Customer: "I want you to make my coat as though I'd been square built, to tone down this unfortunate rotundity of mine." Tailor: "Just so, sir; in fact you want me to square the circle."

"Why," says the esthetic editor, as he came into the sanctum, "is my cigar intense." "Give it up," said Epit-rain. "Because it's too all butt," remarked E. E. plaintively. His place is now vacant.

He (after proposing and being rejected): "I suppose in the end that you will be married to some idiot of a fellow—?" She (breaking in): "Excuse me, if I meant to do that, I should have accepted your offer." Silence.

They were sleighing. "Gussie, dear, said she as she leaned a tender cheek on his manly checked ulster, 'why are these snow flakes like your mustache?'" This pleased him, even to have it noticed. "I don't know yet," he murmured innocently, "why are they?" "Because they are slow coming down," he drove with both hands after this.

The thumb in China is regarded as a better means of identification than the face itself. Celestial vagabonds are not photographed like British criminals, but their thumbs are smeared with lamp-black and pressed down upon a piece of paper, thus furnishing a rude impression, which is carefully kept in the police records. A face may be altered, say the Chinese, but the thumb cannot.

"Yes," said a lady customer, "these are very pretty; but haven't you something more expensive?" The gentlemanly clerk took down another package of the same goods, remarking briskly: "Oh yes, ma'am; here is something which will cost you a dollar more per yard, but it is much finer, you will notice." Of course she took the highest cost piece, because it was the highest. Customers must be humored.

"Don't talk to me!" angrily exclaimed Bliven to his son; "don't tell me that you don't care anything about what your grandfather or your great-grandfather thought about these things. You must remember that they were my ancestors, you young rascal, respectable men were my ancestors, sir, and I wish you could say the same of yours, you young rascal!"

DEATH OF A FAT BOY.

"Dave Navarro, the fat boy, dead!" said Capt. Goshen, the giant at a New York museum the other evening. "I know all about him. I knew him when he was four months old, a mere small, ordinary child. His mother showed him to me while I was on exhibition at Rochelle, Ill., in 1892, and I held him in these arms."

Did Dave really die of the small-pox at Pittsburgh, this morning? I asked one of the fat women. "Why, I feel awful bad about it. I was corresponding with Dave, and had a letter from him just before he was taken."

"Dave was a sad flirt," said a man of the museum who had just returned from Pittsburgh. "He made acquaintances everywhere, and his correspondence with ladies was immense."

"He never had his equal for fatness," said Capt. Goshen with a sigh. "I saw Daniel Lambert at his best, and Dave was bigger. America produced in him the champion fat boy of the world. He had an awful temper when he was roused, and carried a pistol to shoot himself with."

"To shoot himself with?" echoed the reporter.

"Yes," replied the giant serenely, "in case of some accident, a fire or a railroad smash up, in which his size would prevent his escaping."

"I was the first man to exhibit him," said the proprietor. "It was at Lake Front, Chicago, in 1874. He was 12 years old. I don't know how much he weighed. I never had him weighed. His weight was estimated at 590 pounds. I first exhibited him in this city in 1877 at my old Bowery museum, and he was at Coney Island last summer."

CHINESE FANS.

In early times the fan in China served as the general's flag or baton—a rallying sign like the white plume of Henry of Navarre. They were at first made of bamboo-leaves or of feathers; then of silk—first white and afterwards embroidered. Their original form was rectangular; afterwards they took the shape of the nenuphar or great white water-lily. M. de Bourboulon, in his "Voyage en Chine," gives a formidable list of the uses to which the fan is put. The dandy is known by his nice conduct of a stifen fan, as his brother of Western lands by his crutch-cane. Young Celestials mislead their fan-telegraphs as expertly as do the Spanish senoritas. Mothers fan their children to sleep, school-masters correct negligent pupils with the handles of their learned fans. The employment of the fan as an autograph album is an old Chinese idea, but the Occident has not adopted the stiff fans of thin gold leaves, ivory or jade of the East, nor the bronze or iron fan of commandment of the Japanese middle ages, which a baton and battle-axe in one.

